

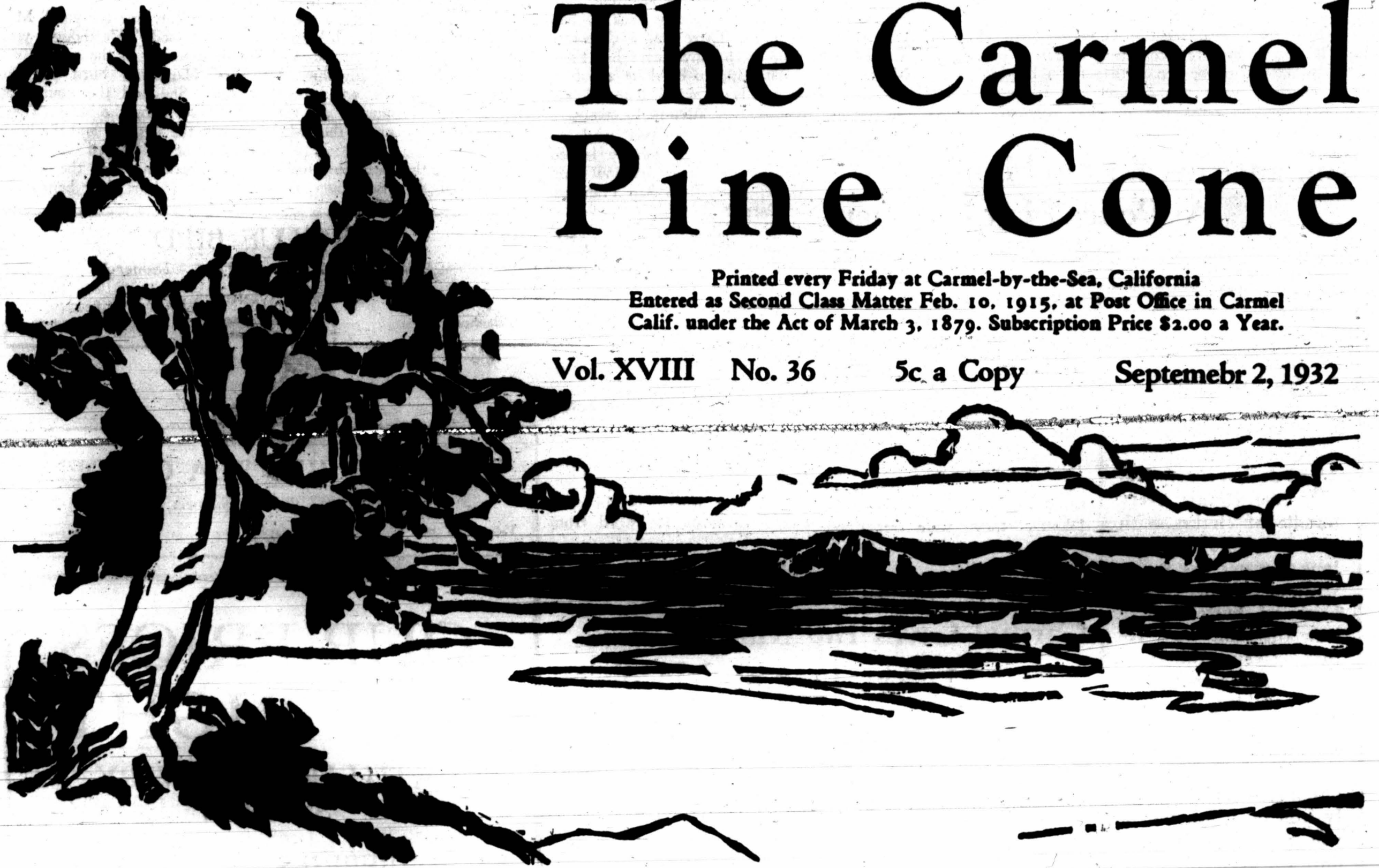
# The Carmel Pine Cone

Printed every Friday at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California  
Entered as Second Class Matter Feb. 10, 1915, at Post Office in Carmel  
Calif. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription Price \$2.00 a Year.

Vol. XVIII No. 36

5c a Copy

Septemebr 2, 1932



## Big Registration at School Looms as 365 Pupils Enroll

Some 365 youngsters—20 more than on the opening day of school last year, answered the class gong Monday when Sunset school was called into session for the fall semester.

There were many new faces in the halls of the school. In fact, 52 Carmel pupils are attending Sunset school for the first time. Of this group, a large number are from families who have just moved into Carmel and are making their home in the village.

According to O. W. Bardarson, principal of the school, indications are that before another few weeks, the enrollment will have increased to 400—the biggest registration in the history of the local school. The enrollment on Tuesday was 365. On the same day last year, it was 345.

Bardarson said that it usually takes from two to three weeks after the opening of school before the full average registration is reached. Many families are still out of town and will not enroll their youngsters in the school for several days.

The new pupils registered at the school include: Low first; Cynthia Klein, Mary Elizabeth Bates, Ann Powers, John Weigold, James Mosher, Peter Hatelly. High First; Carl Thomas, Robert Fassie, Dennis O'Neill, Annette Bryan.

Second grade; Ruth Barrows, Lial Griffin, Alice Kinseman, Robert Richard, Robert Johnstone, William Perritt and Richard Fassio.

Third; Pamela Marsh, Jane Glasscock, Eleanor Johnston, Norma Luporini, Arthur Hatelly, Eric McConnell. Returning, Beverly Leidig

Fourth; Billy Lord, Danny Leininger, Jacqueline Klein, John Castro returning, Billy Johnston returning, Eugene La Rheir, Jack Leidig, Joyce Thompson.

Fifth; Bernadine Anderson, Betty Bennett, Anita Luporini.

Sixth; Arthur Perrott, Betsey Panton, Roe Marie Mattimore, Marguerite Anderson, Ella Fassia, Fay Wilkinson, Jack O'Neill, Hayden Miller.

Seventh; Mary Ann Leininger, Nancy Morrison, Stephanie Gott, Markham Johnston, Johnathan Hatelly returning.

Eighth; Warren Johnston, Freeman Tilden, Howard Stackpole, Sprout Wilson, Dison Adams, Jean Thompson.

## Council to Consider Change in Fiscal Year

A change in the fiscal year on which Carmel conducts all its municipal business will be considered seriously when the city council meets for their regular monthly session next Wednesday night.

Mayor John Catlin said that in addition to an informal discussion at this coming meeting, he will appoint a committee to investigate the matter fully. On several occasions it has been suggested that the council should change its fiscal year to start in July and end in June, instead of beginning in January and ending in December.

Virtually every other municipality in the state it has been pointed out, starts its fiscal year in July. Carmel, it has been said, is entirely out of step with other cities in this respect.

## Funds to Speed Work on Coast Highway Sought

A group of directors of the Pacific Riviera association, headed by Edward H. Tickle, the president, are scheduled to go to Sacramento shortly in the hope of obtaining more funds to speed up the grading work on the Carmel-San Simeon highway now under construction.

The group will meet with the state highway commission and lay before them a program for the completion of the grading operations on the coast highway within two years. Additional funds will be sought from the commission for the work.

## Local Fireman Chosen To Honor State Position

Because of his service to his organization, and his ability as a fireman, Paul Mercurio of Carmel, was elected 3rd vice president of the California State Firemen's association, at the fireman's convention held in San Diego, July 25, 25, 27.

Last week Mercurio was present at the meeting of the Firemen's association in Los Gatos where there was organized the Santa Clara county association. At this meeting Mercurio was one of the chief speakers. He was accompanied by two fellow members of the Carmel Fire Department, assistant chief V. A. Torres, and second assistant Paul Funchess.

Members of the Alliance Francaise gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. Charlotte Reeve Conover at the San Carlos hotel recently. Mr. Juillard, recently back from a journey in France, spoke of conditions in his native land.

## Hoagland Blames Boarder For Breaking Up Romance

If Richard "Cupid" Hoagland, former Carmel police judge, ever falls in love again, it will not be a boarding house romance.

At least that's his conclusion in his answer to the \$25,000 breach of promise suit filed against him by Mrs. Lucille Cunningham, comely Carmel widow. Hoagland not only has entered a formal denial that he broke the widow's heart, but added that his affections were replaced by another boarder.

Hoagland declares that he had been "ready and willing" to marry the woman on condition that she get rid of the boarder—a man who "interfered with and disrupted the pleasant family life."

It was on June 1, 1932, the judge said, that the stranger took up lodgings in the widow's home, "took over control of the household... engaged her interest and time away from the defendant and interrupted their affectional relations."

Hoagland further adds that he found himself a mere financial provider for the woman while the unnamed boarder received all the affection.

His love for Mrs. Cunningham was such, however, that he was

willing to walk to the altar with her under conditions of the law which provide that the husband is head of the family and may choose any reasonable place or mode of living. This, he charges, she refused to do.

Hoagland claims that, instead, she demanded that he execute a contract to room and board with her for two years, paying \$100 monthly in advance.

Some of the mystery surrounding the strange "disappearance" of Hoagland when he was kidnapped from the village to prevent his marriage to the woman, is cleared up in his answer to Mrs. Cunningham's suit.

He reveals that for some years past he has not been in robust health and had been obliged to have considerable medication—such as liquor and sleeping powders in "fairly large doses." On June 16, he took a treatment and then things started.

The following day, June 17 of this year, he and Mrs. Cunningham together with the "star boarder" went to Santa Cruz where they applied for a marriage license.

From there on Hoagland's memory "was uncertain and misty and

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---PAGE 11



dreamlike." He claims that because of the treatment on the preceding day he was enfeebled and subjected to the will of others. He said he had no definite recollection of a promise to marry her on that day. If there were any promise of marriage, he repudiates them now, he concludes. He asks the court that the woman be given no damages for lost love.

## Romance Breaks Up Home As Police Halt Elopement

Another romantic Carmel episode has broken up a perfectly happy home in San Francisco.

A few weeks ago, Johnny Chidester while promenading down Ocean avenue, caught the luring glance of Miss Fraser. It was a case of love at first sight. They stood on the corner for some moments, rubbed noses and paid enduring compliments to each other.

But true love never runs smooth. Despite the feminine shrieks of Miss Fraser and heroic barks of Johnny, they were separated. Johnny went on his way and so did Miss Fraser.

The last time Johnny saw Miss

Fraser was behind the window of the large sedan as he went over the hill on his way back to San Francisco. There was a desperate gleam in Johnny's eyes but there was nothing to be done about it. He was being watched too closely to make any attempt to escape.

Last Sunday, however, while no one was looking, Johnny leaped through an open window and headed south from San Francisco for Carmel.

The Chidester family grew alarmed. Mrs. Drew Chidester telephoned the San Francisco police. County clerks were informed not to issue any marriage licenses. Mrs. A. P. Fraser was telegraphed of Johnny's break for liberty and his probable attempt to elope with Miss Fraser.

Within half an hour, however, the San Francisco police caught up to Johnny, handcuffed him and brought him back to Mrs. Chidester.

And today, Miss Fraser in tears, waited anxiously for word from Johnny.

Can it be that love such as theirs can be stopped?

use and swerved over the sea and way they kissed and hugged their beach in search of the pair. To youngster: "Why, searching for you," McNeill explained. "We thought you had disappeared in the surf." Mrs. Hammond burst out in laughter. She and the youngster had walked along the beach. They had seen the airplane and the boat and had even waved at them, without realizing that the search she inquired surprised over the was going on for their benefit.

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## Carmel Gives Big Margin to Tickle, Free and Jacobsen

Casting an unusually light vote, Carmel residents went to the polls Tuesday and gave their support to Edward H. Tickle for state senator; to Arthur M. Free for congressman; to Andrew Jacobsen for supervisor; and to Samuel M. Shortridge for United States senator; also to John Thomsen for assemblyman.

Of this group, Tickle and Free were the only winners in the primary election. Tickle not only received a two to one majority throughout Monterey and San Benito county, but carried Carmel by a tremendous margin over his opponent, Dr. J. L. D. Roberts. Tickle was one of two candidates on the entire ticket who will not have to face a run-off in the November general election.

The Carmel Republican vote for Tickle was 307 and 96 for Roberts. Tickle received 110 Democratic votes while Roberts a bare handful of only 32 votes.

Congressman Free received 240 votes while Scott Hendricks trailed with 148 votes and John McGrath was a poor third with 21 votes. In the Democratic ticket Free received 25, Hendricks 10,

and McGrath 82 votes. Free will be opposed by McGrath in the November election.

Andrew Jacobsen of Pacific Grove led Carmel in the race for supervisor. His vote was 221, A. A. Caruthers 217, and Stanley Ollason 124. Jacobsen, however, was unable to carry the entire district and will have to run it off with Caruthers in November. Jacobsen trailed Caruthers with around 350 votes in the district.

John Thomsen of Monterey led E. E. Patterson of King City for a seat in the assembly as far as Carmel is concerned. Thomsen, however, was beaten by a small margin. The Carmel vote was 113 for Patterson and 233 for Thomsen.

Senator Shortridge received a majority vote in Carmel with Talant Tubbs a close second. Shortridge lost the nomination in the state and the Republican banner will be carried in November by Tubbs, an ardent wet candidate. The vote in Carmel was, Shortridge 164, Tubbs 144, Crail 66, Shuler 24, and Youngworth 14. In the Democratic ticket the vote was McAdoo 84, Shuler 18, McCarthy 12, Wardell 47, and Abbott 4.

## Found Very Much Alive

Mrs. Frank Hammond, Who has starred on the Orpheum circuit, was able to quote Mark Twain this week and stress the fact that "her death was greatly exaggerated."

Mrs. Hammond, together with Mr. and Mrs. L. R. McNeill and their son, Roger, went on the beach Tuesday morning to bask in the sun and in the fog. Everything was all right until Mrs. Hammond and Roger, a 10-year-old youngster, went swimming.

Half an hour passed and then an hour without any sight of either Mrs. Hammond or Roger. The McNeills, fearing that she and the boy might have drowned, called the Carmel police and Chief Gus England and Officer Charles Guth searched the beach.

Then an airplane from the Monterey airport was called into

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## Was It a Fire Alarm? Court May Have to Decide Question

There might not have been a fire at the Paul Flanders residence last Saturday night—but nevertheless, he is in a hot spot as far as the Carmel fire department is concerned.

Flanders, prominent real estate operator and head of the Carmel Land company, faces on September 12 a jury trial in the local police court on charges of having sent in a false alarm.

A warrant for his arrest was signed Monday by Birney Adams, volunteer member of the fire department. Flanders appeared Wednesday morning before Police Judge George L. Wood, pleaded not guilty and asked for a jury trial.

The episode which may develop into a fiery prosecution against

Flanders occurred Saturday night. Flanders, it is charged, telephoned the fire department and said he had made a \$15 bet that he could bring the fire engine to the Flanders home.

Flanders' statement is that he told Adams and Guth that there was no fire; that he was anxious to discover whether the truck could make the steep grade to his home, he having bet his father-in-law that it could; and that he was very surprised to hear the siren sound. He had no intention to turn in an alarm.

When the fire department arrived they were unable to find a trace of a blaze. Fire Chief

Leidig was out of town at the time. On his return, Adams con-

### Old Fashioned Affair

Given at Guild Hall

To direct a small playlet, successfully portray one of the characters and act as chairman of an evening's entertainment is no small undertaking. Yet this was the task Mrs. E. L. Taylor accomplished at an old-fashioned evening given last Friday night at the Guild Hall of All Saints church.

In addition to dances, music and singing a short playlet was produced before an enthusiastic gathering. In the cast were Ginerva Pierce, Sis Reamer, Mrs. A. W. Wheldon, Mrs. E. L. Taylor, Nancy LaRheir, Mary Wheldon, Dorothy Benson, Mrs. C. F. Kennedy.

### Meditations of a Fleeing Visitor

By Lucile Sanders

An adoring subject of this delightful and most charming gamin-princess, Carmel-by-the-Sea, with her regal crown of trees, her jewels, flashing vividly from flowered gardens, her gown, a patterned rich brocade of greens and bronze, her royal feet splashing white as snow in a made-to-Royal-order sea of that certain shade of blue reserved for royalty, I stopped thunder-struck upon the corner of the street. My very sense denied the fact that faced me. Madly did I dash unto the next corner.

Oh, it just couldn't be! At the third corner I sank, a bewildered panting heap, upon my Princess Royal lap. An involuntary shudder shook me. I sighed, and then firmly did I vow, as I sat there on the gutter, that I would strive to overlook Her Royal Highness' one concession to the Rotarian God of Efficiency.

Perhaps you, who know her vagaries so well, can not conceive the depths of my sad disillusionment when I first discovered those enticing little roads all nicely numbered. No, not all, for she has Dolores and Casanova, even others, but oh, the shock of finding any of her streets bearing the trite, commercial-sounding titles of One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six. Other towns and cities, yes! By all means, but my little gamin-princess! I could have felt no greater shock had I found her attempting a studied cleverness.

Perhaps my judgment is too hasty. Perhaps there are reasons of good and sterling worth. I really asked so little, but hoping at the least for just an Uno, Dos, Tres, Quatro, Cinco, Seis, was perhaps, too much.

I raised my eyes to the vague horizon where blue met blue, and merged. I smiled apologetically at a silly tree that stood in the center of a traffic lane. Apologetically I inspected the really lovely and artistic little street sign that bore the tale that shocked me so. I firmly took myself in hand, vowing that I would not be the one to condemn my Princess, for after all, Her Highness is but human, and heir to human faults. With a deep salaam I bowed my head into the dust and went to find myself a suit of sackcloth.

Bert Hyde, who has been ill in the east, is on the way home with his wife, and will be here by the end of the week. The chil-

dren came on ahead of their parents, and the Hyde house is reopened. Bert Hyde is much improved in health.

Dr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Haasis and their daughters Barbara and Dorothy of Carmel spent a week camping near Yosemite.

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The first lesson will be repeated for those entering the following Tuesday.

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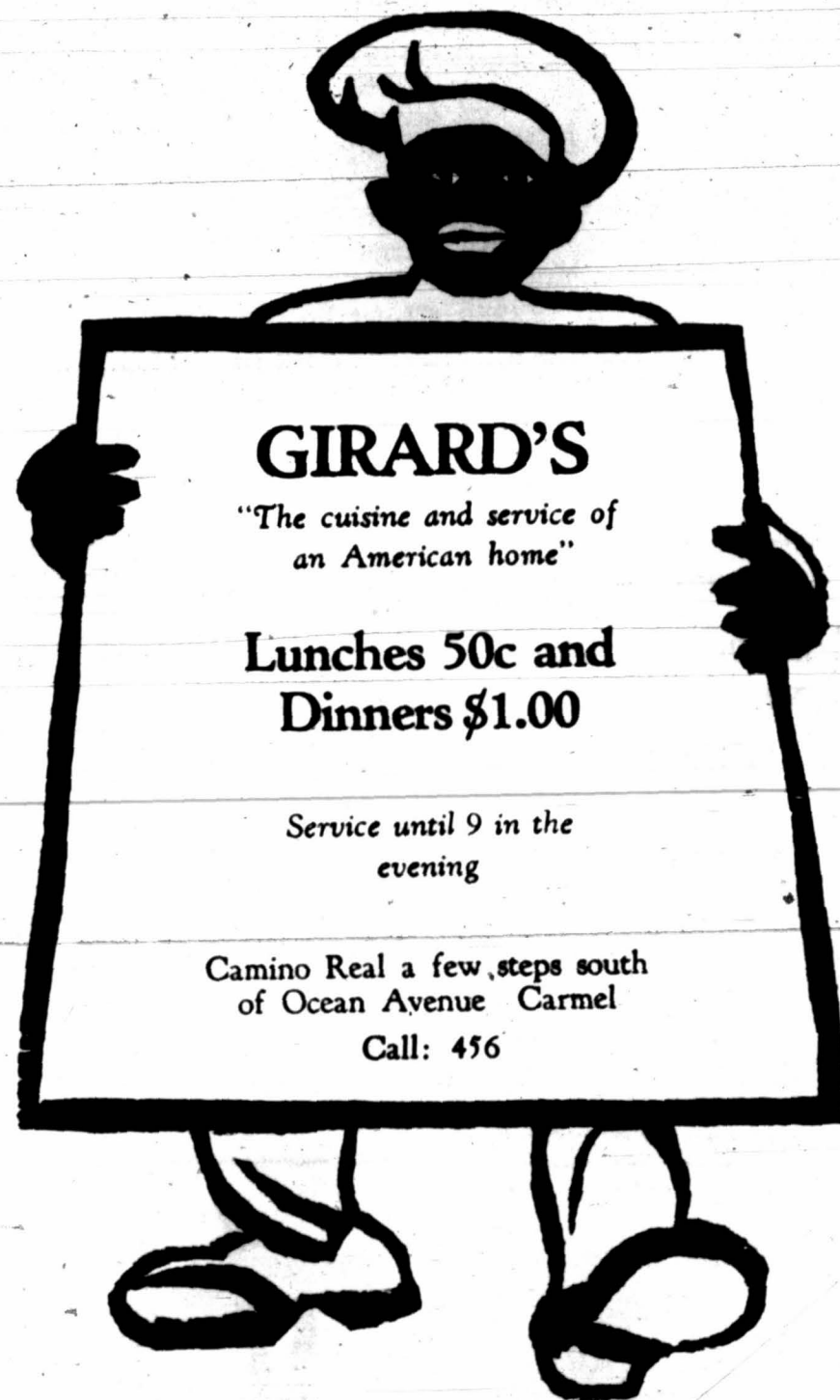
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## Carmel Breathes Easier As Gus Returns from Vacation

Cautious Carmel residents who in the past few weeks have locked their doors securely and left their windows unopened while they slumbered on, have nothing more to fear. The crime situation is well in hand again. Gus is back!

Carmel's veteran police chief, tax collector and arbitrator for the problems of the elite, was back pounding the sidewalks of the village and listening to the complaints of residents with reassuring glances.

After a two weeks vacation, Chief Englund returned to the village early this week. His first official act was to console a dear old lady on Camino Real whose pet cat had succumbed from arthritis. Enthused with the additional energy he gathered during his vacation, he collected a business license fee from a certain Carmel store which had been delinquent for several years.

While he is still in good humor, members of the city council are contemplating approaching him on the question of when he will heed their request and bring back his nag to the village. His famous horse which has become one of

the most picturesque parts of Carmel was put in pasture when Gus with other city employees suffered a 15 per cent salary cut.

Gus likes the seashore so well, he couldn't get away from it—even on his vacation. He spent most of his two weeks leave basking in the sunshine in Santa Cruz.

### City Council to Adopt 15-Cent Tax Rate Cut

Second reading and final adoption of the tax rate ordinance which has resulted in a 15-cent cut per \$100 assessed valuation will feature the meeting of the city council next Wednesday night.

The slash in taxes which was approved by the council last week does not become official until the ordinance is passed to print at this meeting. The cut will result in a saving of many thousands of dollars for property owners in Carmel.

### Child Health Survey County Head Named

Plans for a survey of Monterey county, upon which to base reports to Governor Rolph's California White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, in November, were launched today with the appointment of Dr. R. Macleay Fortier, County Health Officer, as Chairman of the Public Health and Administration Committee for this county. Dr. Fortier's appointment was announced by Dr. Giles S. Porter, Director of the State Department of Public Health, who is State Chairman of the health group. The personnel of the Committee will be selected by Dr. Fortier.

The Committee will make a complete survey of the health activities in the county, to com-

pare with the standards set at the National White House Conference at Washington in 1930. The report, with recommendations for any changes that are believed desirable, particularly in the line of state legislation, will be filed with the State Conference. This latter body, after sifting reports from the various counties, will agree upon a state-wide program, for recommendation to Governor Rolph.

Other committees to be appointed in this county will survey conditions respecting medical service, education and the handicapped, each coming, respectively, under the State Departments of Public Health, Education and Social Welfare.

### An Appreciation

As the summer vacation closes it would seem appropriate to express a sense of appreciation of the splendid work done this summer with the Cub Scouts by Mr. Townsend.

Although the 1932 Budget of the Boy Scout Organization "did not provide for Cub Scout supervision and therefore could not recognize any cub troop in this district . . . Mr. Townsend was not discouraged but just went ahead last May and carried on with a number of boys who were eager to participate in these weekly outings. After a few joyful picnics and trips to the beach where Mr. Townsend won immediate merit in the eyes of the boys, the troop soon grew to larger proportions until today there are about 25 members.

Every week for some time past the boys have been taken up to Robles Del Rio on Friday afternoons for swimming lessons. The transportation has invariably been supplied by Mr. Levinson who has always been interested in the Cubs, and who stood by the troop when it seemed in danger of disbanding altogether for want of a leader.

—E. Crichton

### Carmel Pistol Club Wins Over Watsonville

At the Carmel pistol range on Sunday, both teams of the Carmel Pistol Club beat the visitors from Watsonville.

Martin, Williams, Warren, Wood Junior, and Johnson made a total score 1242 to Watsonville 1181. The second Carmel team consisting of Funchess, Bell, Anderson and Willson scored 901 whereas Watsonville only made 797.

On August 28th a return match will be held on the Watsonville range.

### Sunday School Pageant To Be Staged Here

An interesting pageant, "A Christian Soldier Becomes a Knight," will be given Sunday morning at 9:45 at All Saints church. The pageant has been written by Mrs. Margaret W. Hayes and will be directed by Mrs. Willis White.

Those in the cast include, Jane Millis, Wycklife Shackelford, Covington Shackelford, Homer Levinson, Anne Millis, Jane Ellen Parker, Barbara Haasis, Dorothy Haasis, Evelyn Cockburn, Pauline Campbell, Jane Haskell, Margaret Dorrance, Betty Haskell and Armour Bearers.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Lockwood and their son Daniel are again in Carmel after spending the sum-

mer at their cottage at Clear Lake. Mrs. Lockwood will continue her work this year as a member of the Sunset school faculty.

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### Schedule

Lv. Monterey for Carmel	Lv. Carmel for Monterey
8:45 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
10:15 a.m.	9:30 a.m.
11:30 a.m.	10:40 a.m.
1:30 p.m.	12:45 p.m.
3:15 p.m.	2:25 p.m.
5:20 p.m.	4:15 p.m.
6:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.

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## Standardized Traffic Signs Draws Ire of Arty Element

Because Carmel's traffic stop signs are too standardized and commercial and do not fit into the artistic atmosphere of the village, a movement was under way this week to have them removed.

It is the hope of those protesting against the signs to have them replaced by more artistic ones, to be designed probably by some well known local artist. The change, it is reported, can be done for a nominal sum.

The first attack against the signs which were installed in the town several years ago was made by Councilman Herbert Heron at last week's meeting of the council. No action on the matter was taken by the council at that time although it will be considered when they meet again next Wednesday.

"Ever since the stop signs were installed in the business district I have been anxious to see them removed," Heron said this week.

"Other residents feel the same way about it. At a very slight cost, they could be removed and more artistic ones placed.

"The present stop signs are distinctly standardized and commercial. They are an ugly blemish on the otherwise smooth face of the village. They instantly brand Carmel as a 'progressive town with metropolitan inhibitions.'"

Mayor John Catlin apparently feels the same way. He indicated that if a petition with the sufficient amount of signatures were presented to the council asking for the change, he and other members of the board would seriously consider it.

"I don't know anything more 'cited' than the traffic stop signs," Mayor Catlin said. "If the change can be done at a slight cost, I would recommend it. I think the change in the atmosphere of the business district would be appreciated by all, particularly visitors who come to Carmel to get away from standardized things."

### L. A. Resident Dies While Vacationing

The vacation that Dennis Dimond, 55, resident of Los Angeles and member of a pioneer Oakland family had planned to spend in Carmel, was cut short by his sudden death last Saturday.

Dimond had arrived in the village only an hour when he was stricken and died within a few minutes afterwards. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Madeline Dimond, a son Hugh and a daughter Betty Dimond. Dimond was well known in the east bay area where his parents were among the first settlers in that section.

### Red Cross

The P.T.A. of Sunset School will cooperate with the Carmel Chapter of the Red Cross by taking some of the material furnished by the government and making clothes for children in need.

There will be a Red Cross conference held in San Francisco on the 13th of September and many present day problems will be discussed. One of them will be "Red Cross Disaster Principles in the Unemployment Problem."

All Chapters are doing whatever is possible to help in the crisis which faces us for this coming winter as well as now.

### Gains Honors in Rifle Contests

Miss Peggy Mathiot, a member of the rifle club of Camp Rancho Carmelo, has qualified under the instruction of her father, K. D. Mathiot, as an expert rifleman in the junior division of the National Rifle Association.

The only grade higher than expert is distinguished rifleman.

The total number of qualifications this year in all grades of proficiency, from pro-marksman to distinguished rifleman, is 18,866.

### Court Suit Brings \$1.00 Verdict for Leidig's

It's one thing to win a damage suit, and another thing to pay the court costs.

The parents of Norman Leidig,

14-year-old Carmel youth, were given a \$1.00 judgment by Superior Judge H. G. Jorgensen in their damage suit against G. Noller, local butcher. But Judge Jorgensen in his decision charged that the testimony of the plaintiffs had been changed and was contradictory. As a result, he ordered the Leidigs to pay all court costs, including the attorney's fees for the butcher.

The parents of the youth, Lawrence and Florence Leidig, originally sought \$1000 damages for mental anguish suffered by their son. They claimed that Noller without reason beat the youth up as he came out of the Carmel Theatre.

Trial in the case was held several weeks ago. Judge Jorgensen took the matter under submission for further consideration and then handed out the verdict that is in favor of the Leidigs but at the same time against them.

### New Resident Born

A new resident for Carmel was born in the Bayview hospital in Pacific Grove.

The happy parents are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph DeAmaral who have made their home in the village for many years. The baby has been christened John Wesley.

### Excursions Announced For Labor Day Period

Excursion and vacation travel in western states over the Labor Day period this year will have the stimulus of cent-a-mile train rides, offered by the Southern Pacific Company, September 1 to 5, inclusive.

The low-fare roundtrip program, it was stated, will blanket the railroad's lines in California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, including El Paso, Texas.

Persons using the cent-a-mile fares will have until midnight September 12 to complete their journeys. Under this arrangement, it was pointed out, ample time is provided for long-distance travel.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Eskil, formerly of Carmel and now residing in Entiat, Washington, have a baby daughter born August 22. Mrs. Eskil was formerly president of the Woman's club.

## NIELSEN BROTHERS GROCERY

(Market Del Mar)

Telephone  
964

Dolores between  
7th and 8th

10 lbs. Sugar .....	43c
Tip Top Peaches, No. 2 slices ....	10c
Campbell's Tomato Juice, 3 for ...	25c
Hill's Coffee, 1 lb. ....	34c
Solid Pack Butter .....	23c
Solid Pack Tomatoes, No. 2½ ....	15c
S & W Asparagus .....	25c
Hormel Ham, ¼ size .....	79c
Kellogg's Wheaties .....	10c
Crystal White Soap, 10 for .....	29c
Lux Soap, large package .....	19c
Lime Rickey, 2 for .....	29c
Crisco, 3 lbs. ....	49c
Best Foods Mayonnaise, 1 pint ...	29c
1 pint French Dressing free	

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Do you know that we carry Japanese Crepe  
in an assortment of colors

See our windows

### Stella's Dry Goods Store

Corner Ocean and Dolores  
Carmel-by-the-Sea

## EL FUMIDOR

for Magazines and News

Papers ordered at your request

Full line of tobaccos  
and cigars

DOLORES STREET  
opposite the Post Office

## "Blind" Teddy

Theodore Roosevelt awakened to his nearsightedness during the summer when he got his first gun. Companions popped away at things he couldn't see at all.

Teddy tells in his autobiography (a splendid work that you should read) that it was a beautiful world his first lenses disclosed to him. With normal vision restored to him, the boy grew up to take a dominant and dramatic part in its affairs.

Eighty-five per cent of all knowledge is gained through the eyes. The youngsters that have begun a new school year need 100 per cent normal vision if they are going to get a fair chance at their studies.

Some California schools employ a full-time optometrist for the detection of visual errors in students. The schools on the Peninsula do not. OPTIC therefore volunteers his services.

Any school child on the Peninsula may have his eyes examined—free of obligation—during the month of September.

"Vision is the thing"

**WILLIAMS**  
Service On The Level  
Ground Floor Office/Spazier Bldg.  
PHONE 3060



## For Sale or Exchange for Real Estate

High grade, pure-bred, pedigreed silver black foxes for sale at \$800.00 to \$1000.00 per pair or will trade for desirable property, improved or unimproved, in Carmel or other parts of Monterey peninsula or on new highway south. Chris A. Neddersen, Cupertino, California



All delivery before  
breakfast

OCEAN AND MISSION

REARDON BUILDING

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## Fine Cast Opens Run of Green Grow the Lilacs

Carmel's setting for the Labor Day week-end will be Oklahoma and cowboy love in the wide open spaces.

Starting tonight, and on Saturday, and Sunday, September 3 and 4 the Carmel Community Players will present Lynn Riggs' rollicking comedy, "Green Grow the Lilacs," a Theater Guild sensation of the 1930 season, with all the atmosphere of the open range.

Cowboys from Carmel's own hills will furnish a true local interpretation of songs and square dances, adding their ability to the excellent cast of principals selected by Galt Bell from among Carmel's notable actors.

With cowboys around them the Carmel actors playing the principal roles have gotten into the happy spirit of the west. Sibyl Leonard, professional dancer and actress and famed for her seduc-

tive interpretation of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" at the Forest Theater, is making of the heroine, Laurey, a wistful smiling maiden of the wide open spaces. The singing hero, Curley, is played by Blackie O'Neal, well known for his many appearances before Carmel audiences.

Teddy Smith, who recently enacted Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and Ruth Marion Poor, famous Carmel comedienne, both have comical characters to play in "Green Grow the Lilacs." Albert Van Houtte contributes the villainous element to the proceedings with his role of Jester Fry. Others in the long cast are David Matzke, Ross Cowen, Dave Davis, California Andrews, Jean Dresser, Sis Reamer, Buddy Henley, Marjorie Middlesworth, Ann Whitehorn, Jane Matzke and Adelaide Whitehorn.

Under the direction of Galt Bell, who is in charge of the production, Fenton P. Foster has arranged the many songs of the play, which consist of most of the old-time favorites. Rhoda and Richard Johnson have built the six large scenes of the play, which with the elaborate costumes of the period succeed in forming the charming atmosphere of the turn of the century.

Lynn Riggs finished "Green Grow the Lilacs" while staying in Carmel, and when the New York Theater Guild produced it, it was the sensation of the season. It should be an equal success here.

### Another Neah-Kah-Nie

#### Farewell

By Hal Garrott

## He Stays

by popular demand  
**Ed Fitzpatrick, Jr.**  
and his  
**Hotel Del Monte Orchestra**

Remains  
Throughout the  
Winter

Playing every night  
except Tuesdays  
and Sundays  
in the  
**Bali Room**  
**Hotel Del Monte**

Only fifty cent  
cover charge  
week nights

Saturdays \$1.00

Celebrate with "Fitz"

to a thrill that will long be remembered.

In the audience was a little girl, Miriam Soloveff, pupil of Carol Weston and Kathleen Parlow, a child who had played with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. She was lifted upon a raised platform to perform a movement of the popular Lalo violin concert and a group of solos, accompanied by Dora Blaney. It was a surprise—but nothing to the surprise wrought by this ten-year-old's uncanny performance. San Francisco has produced boy violinists who are astonishing the world. And now comes little Miriam to show that girls are as good as boys ever thought of being!

What a breath-taking thrill to hear this child rattle off without one faltering note—the most difficult passages, runs, chords, arpeggios, harmonics with seeming ease, great animation and genuine musical understanding. Carmel will hear Miriam Soloveff again September 9 in a program of her own—and I predict a packed house.

It is interesting to note that our local orchestra came into existence by accident. The Neah-Kah-Nie had planned to bring a section of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra to play with them August 9. Dene Denny had other plans. In Michel Penha's absence she recruited local amateurs and wired Penha that the orchestra had arrived! Imagine his surprise, on returning, to discover his "orchestra" was a band of local musicians, some of whom had never played in a concert! Being a good sport, Michel Penha set to work with this raw material—and in six weeks gave one of the most satisfying concerts in the history of Carmel. After this anything can happen—and it will!

### Artists Elect Officers

#### At Annual Meeting

At its annual meeting last week Monday, the Carmel Art Association elected the following officers for the year:

President, Burton S. Boundey; 1st Vice President, Arthur Hill Gilbert; 2nd Vice President, Ada Howe Kent; Treasurer, Edda M. Heath; Recording Secretary, Mrs. R. L. Grabill; Corresponding Secretary, J. M. Culberston; Directors C. Chapel Judson, George Seideneck, George Coblentz, Edith Heron, I. Maynard Curtis, Eva Belle Adams, Charlotte Morgan.

The Art Association has added a number of new members during the year, and also has a balance in the treasury, with all debts paid. It has held four exhibitions in the year from July 1, 1932, with increasing interest on the part of the public.

### Filipinos Will Give

#### Unemployment Benefit

For the benefit of Carmel's unemployment fund, a debate will be staged at Sunset School auditorium, Saturday evening, September 17, by Monterey peninsula Filipinos against Salinas Filipinos, together with an interesting program of music and dancing. The entire profits of the entertainment will be turned over to the local commission on unemployment.

The Filipinos, working under direction of the Rev. Willis G. White, are preparing a program that will include music of the islands by their own orchestra, with singing of native songs and Spanish songs, and the beautiful

fandangos and dances of the islands. The debate, which will be in the hands of Sulpicio Darrios, Luis Patasil and Amadeo Raynado for the affirmative, and George Aquino, Simplicio Laya and Salvador Soria for the negative, will be, Resolved, that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the Philippine Islands should be stopped.

### Brush Fire Threatens

#### Home Outside Village

A brush fire, believed to have started from a burning cigarette cast out by a passing motorist, threatened Saturday afternoon many of the homes in La Loma terrace, just outside the city limits of Carmel.

Members of the volunteer fire department responded to the call and aided in extinguishing the blaze by beating the flames down with damp sacks. Due to the fact that it was outside the city limits, no fire apparatus was taken on the call.

## MEATS OF QUALITY

Not in years have meat prices been as low as they are today. Every delicious, health-giving cut of meat can now be bought at prices that will cut the food budget. Steaks, chops, roasts—the foundation of good meals—can grace your table now for only a minimum cost.

## Percy's Meat Market

(Market Del Mar)

Dolores Street between  
7th and 8th  
Telephone 838

## Carmel Community Playhouse

September 2 - 3 - 4

## "Green Grow The Lilacs"

Tickets for sale at Booth directly  
opposite Post Office

## CARMEL THEATRE

PHILIP CODDEL, Manager

Telephone 282

Evening performances at 7 and 9 p.m.  
Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:15 p.m.

Friday and Saturday

Septemehr 2 and 3

CONSTANCE BENNETT

## "What Price Hollywood"

An ultra-modern story of the movie colony

Sunday and Monday

September 4 and 5

WARREN WILLIAM — MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

## "Skyscraper Souls"

Suspense! Action! Thrills!

Tuesday and Wednesday

September 6 and 7

CONSTANCE BENNETT

## "Two Against the World"

A glorious and brilliant performance

Thursday Only

September 8

LEWIS STONE — MYRNA LOY

## "New Morals for Old"

From the well known story "After All"



## Not That It Matters

By Eleanor Minturn James

It is huckleberry time. Pacific Grove and Pebble Beach roads winding around Huckleberry Hill are lined with the conveyances of huckleberry fans, Lincolns, Austins, old nags. Berry-pickers are tramping home with full pails. But old Lloyd Lytton, of the Grove, forty years a connoisseur of huckleberries (picks from \$87 to \$115 yearly to feed his ducks, feeding them not the berries but with the dollars) says the season is two months late. Better huckleberries in September. Everything's late. "Why," he volunteered as proof, "I got 15 dogs and there aren't a half dozen fleas amongst 'em. Usually they got plenty by July 1st."

Browsing in genealogical toms may be entertaining. One Puritan tombstone reads "Here lies the mother of eight, There might have been more but now it's too late." Still another, "He that was sweet

to mi repose, Hath now become a stink unto mi nose," by a fond wife who as afterthought attributes these words to her dead spouse "This said of me; So it shall be said of thee."

Ellery Walter, author of "Around the World on One Leg," has another new book out "Russia's Decisive Year." He said after meeting George Bernard Shaw in Russia, "Shaw saw there just what he went to see." Walter, speaking recently to some young Californians, quoted an old French proverb, "a man who is not a radical at 20 hath no heart, if he is not a conservative at 40 he hath no head."

Truthful mural decoration can be astonishing. The inmates of the St. Regis roof garden, New York, guests, gigolos, waiters, bus boys, chefs, maitres d'hotel, have long been puzzled by certain mural birds bantam size with tails, springing from the middle of their backs, almost twenty feet long, touching the ground under the stylized apple tree where they are lodged with quite recognizable mackaws. The ultimatum has usually been that these extraordinary birds were creatures of the artist's phantasmagoric imagination. However the St. Regis recently called in science. Ornithology says this exotic bird is no fiction but the Japanese long-tailed fowl, the Tosa, whose tails, called trains, are from 14 to 20 feet long. In the orient they are kept in attenuated bamboo cages. When exercised, their tails are carefully coiled and wrapped in soft mulberry paper to prevent soiling and wear.

Residential districts have ever had to fight the creeping in of business, chickens, dressmakers, notions, tea shoppes. Here is something new. In a certain San Jose residential area there has just cropped up a dog meat cannery. And not a smell in a can load. The dog food was first tried out on the dog. The neighboring dogs, they're expert "tasters."

Penny-pound adages abound in our moralizing language. "Penny wise, pound foolish . . . Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves . . ." so on ad infinitum, with contradictory inferences. Enoch Pratt, who gave Baltimore its public library, uncle of Mrs. J. George Taylor of Carmel, habitually used margins of newspapers for scratch paper. Moralists would read in a cause-and-effect connection, however fallacious. He was a shining contrast to the New England bride who on beating up many egg whites for frosting would toss the excess yolks down her black soapstone sink, to take care of themselves, like the pounds, and unheeded chase themselves slimily down the drain. Said they would dry up in the ice chest and have to be thrown away anyway.

"Undertow" by A. Hamilton Gibbs begins so well and continues so disappointingly, a theme with possibilities, too. A post-war Oxford graduate, embryo artist of French descent, stagnating teaching French in an English boy's school, encourages himself to a belated awareness of sex, mistaking

a practical middle class English girl for the ideal wife-to-be, awakening to the rapid futility of her in the arms of a tigerish French vamp, who "understands" the English and French of him.

Jet black cows, anyway you look at them, do convey a gloomy sense of mourning, a funeral aspect to certain Carmel Valley farms blackening the drab tan wheat fields as they do. The accompanying sense of depression, however, is dispelled by a neighboring jazzy scarecrow, white-shirted and black-trousered, spiritedly instructing hayseeds in the swinging rhythm of the new dance, the rumba, judging from the jaunty gesture of his scarecrow hips.

Johnny Middlesworth, who has a part in the Community Theatre's next play, "Green Grow the Lilacs" which will feature honest-to-goodness cowboys from the Fish ranch and elsewhere, has a serious eye on the legitimate stage. Johnny broke into the movies as an extra by busying himself, unpaid, with such assiduous faithfulness doing odd jobs on a Hollywood street scene set that he was automatically put on the pay roll as a reward for his zeal.

When "Good Companions" was staged in England the road show was almost broken up by reason of quarreling amongst the cast. The juvenile lead even had his teeth bashed in. As the British notice pointed out, not such good companions after all.

### Grocery Truck Driver Injured in Accident

Herbert McGucken, driver for the Dolores Grocery store, is recovering from injuries suffered when the truck he was operating crashed head-on with a machine driven by Mrs. Ruth Townsend.

The accident occurred at the corner of Camino del Monte and

Junipero. According to Traffic Officer Charles Guth, who investigated the crash, no blame will be placed on either McGucken or Mrs. Townsend.

Following the crash, McGucken was taken to the Carmel hospital where several stitches were taken in his hand. Both cars were badly wrecked.

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CARMEL

15  
for a



Yellow Cab

You can now  
ride for  
**25c**  
8 Blocks  
1 or 2 Persons

### Hare Optical Co.

EYES EXAMINED  
Glasses Fitted Quick Repairs  
REASONABLE PRICES  
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See Dr. J. C. Wealow, Optometrist  
Established over 30 years  
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Scotties  
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Offers a few remaining

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## MONTEREY COUNTY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Carmel Office: DOLORES STREET : J. E. ABERNETHY, Mgr.  
HENRY F. DICKINSON, Trust Officer



ILYA MIHAIOVICH JADOVSKY  
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announce the enlargement of their

### RUSSIAN TEA SHOP

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING, LINCOLN STREET, CORNER OF OCEAN

In addition to the service in the open court,  
there will be two inside Tea Rooms  
with Gift Shop and Art Gallery

Russian Samovar Tea Service	25 cents
"Borsch," famous Russian Soup	20 cents
Russian Fruit Compote	10 cents
Russian Black Caviar	25 cents and 45 cents
Russian Sardine Sandwich	15 cents

Serving from noon to 7 p.m.

Russian cigarettes

Russian candies



# LET'S PUT IT

## Carmel's Street Fair—



The bearded lady is a sight,  
But she would look much neater  
If she bought a razor and  
drug supplies  
Where best values always  
greet 'er

### DOLORES PHARMACY

DOLORES AND 7TH  
TELEPHONE 400

### Toads in Strict Training for Derby at Fair Promise Success

So fine has the cooperation of the merchants and citizens of Carmel been that the plans of the street fair have grown far beyond the expectations of the directors, and when Saturday, September 10, rolls around, the greatest fair in the history of the town is assured.

Grooms are busily engaged in putting the horned toads in shape for the world's championship. Excitement is running high as to which of the reptiles will cross the line ahead of the present world's titleholder or whether the crown will remain an adornment on the present head. The toads, according to Jack Bartlett, famous owner of the stables, are anticipating with great interest running over the Carmel course, as they say that never before have they gone into competition before such a unique collection of people, while they are unique too and will feel right at home.

Anyone wishing to see what a Bavarian beer garden looks like can, among the other features of the fair, drop into Sammy Sampson's tea garden and find out. It will be the real thing according to advance notices. The waitresses will be in costume and zither players will be on hand to zith for the imbibers. Prohi officers need not sniff and look wise at these notices of the beer because it will be a very law-abiding beer garden.

If you are tired of walking about the fair or dancing in the street, be wheeled about in a wheel chair that is being provided for the occasion. It was suggested by Mr. Bernard Rowntree that the last customer in this vehicle as a special attraction be given a shove and sent rolling down Ocean avenue. Mr. Rowntree has been elected as the favored last customer.

Kids, bring along your fishing rods or if you haven't one swipe

your old man's and come to the fish pond where there will be something for everyone. Also there will be a grab bag for those who do not care to fish.

Music for the dancing will be provided by the Presidio band which will be on hand for the great occasion. It is rumored that a special prize will be given out to the man, woman or beast that can blow straight the French horn. Its owner has been trying to do it for years.

Games of chance and skill will be provided to tease the fair-goers into putting a little of their hoarding into circulation. Someone suggested that they put the slot machines on a paying basis.

Booths will be set up for those who, having found that their dinners at their friends' houses have already half an hour later digested, can stuff themselves to their hearts' content. George Wishart of the Dolores bakery tells me that he has a new doughnut making machine that will be working overtime. Coffee will be provided for dunking.

On this great evening some of the shops on Dolores street will remain open but in such cases a percentage of the profit made during the evening will be turned over to the unemployment fund for which the fair is being given.

Ladies of the Garden section have agreed to have a booth on the street where they will sell plants and seeds and for this reason have asked that contributions of these commodities be given.

Come early and stay late. Spend generously at the fair, so that you may avoid having to subscribe later on should the unemployment fund completely run out of money due to the lack of cooperation in the fair; which besides swelling the fund, will give the public a lot of fun.



The tall man may be hard  
to fit,  
But he would give us no  
trouble,

Our fine apparel makes a hit  
'cause the value is always  
double!

Last week of annual  
clearance sale

### Imelman's Sportswear Shop

Ocean Avenue  
Telephone 226-W



If this funny long-necked animal  
were free to have his way  
He'd eat his fill of Bakery goods  
And do it every day

### DOLORES BAKERY

DOLORES STREET  
TELEPHONE 650



The strong man surely has  
muscles galore,  
But you can be full of pep, too,  
If you buy lots of fruit, and  
vegetables more,  
At this store with stocks  
always new.

### Dolores Cash Grocery

Dolores Street Telephone 448

Lifting weights is quite a task  
That takes a big strong arm.  
But cleaning's a job, too, if you  
ask,  
We do it without a bit of harm

### Carmel Cleaners

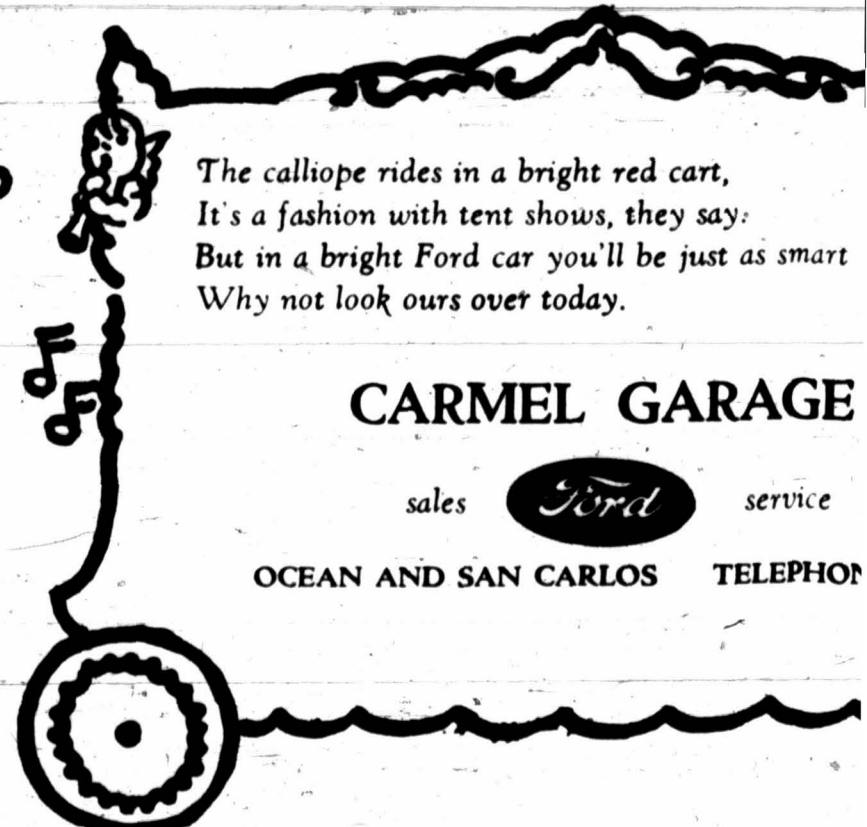
Dolores Street Telephone 242

The calliope rides in a bright red cart,  
It's a fashion with tent shows, they say:  
But in a bright Ford car you'll be just as smart  
Why not look ours over today.

### CARMEL GARAGE

sales  service

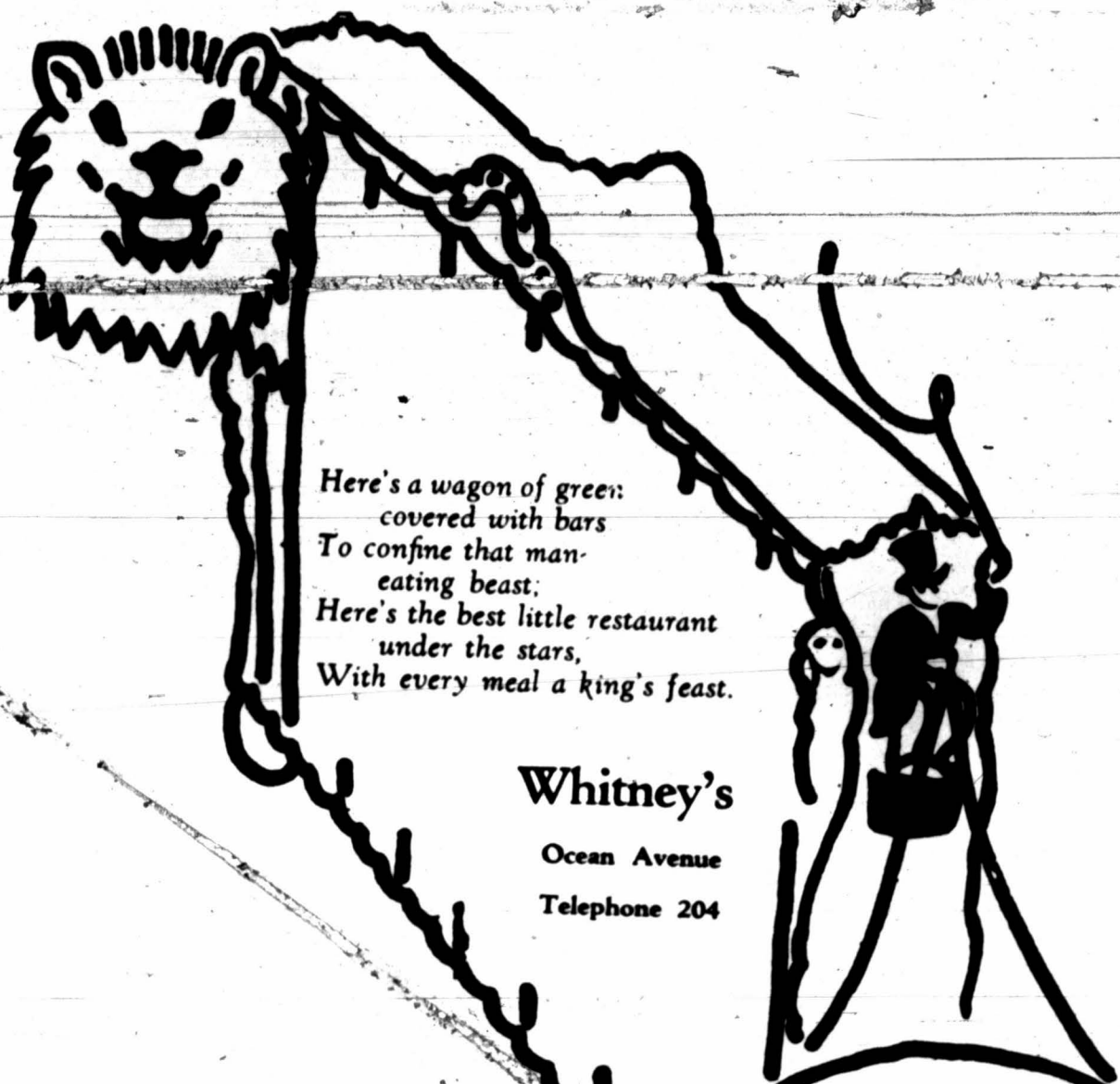
OCEAN AND SAN CARLOS TELEPHONE



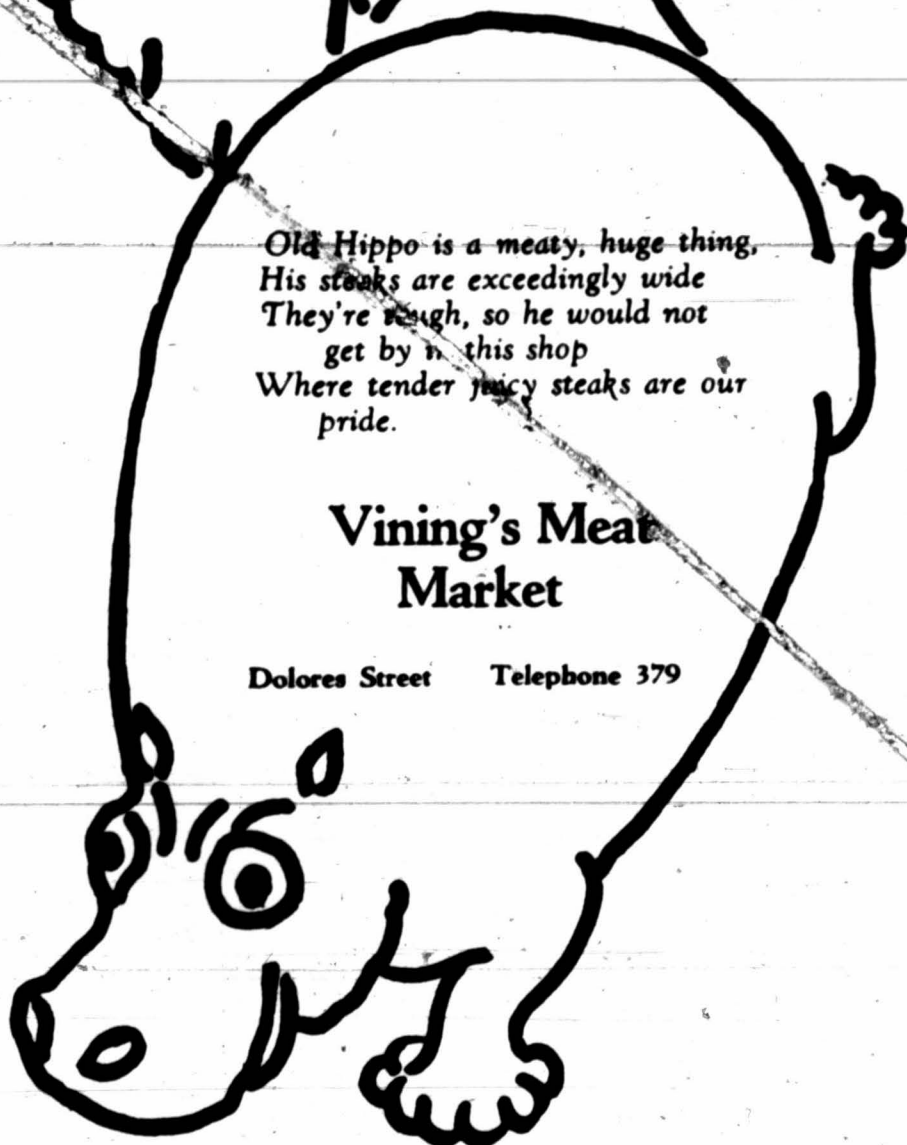
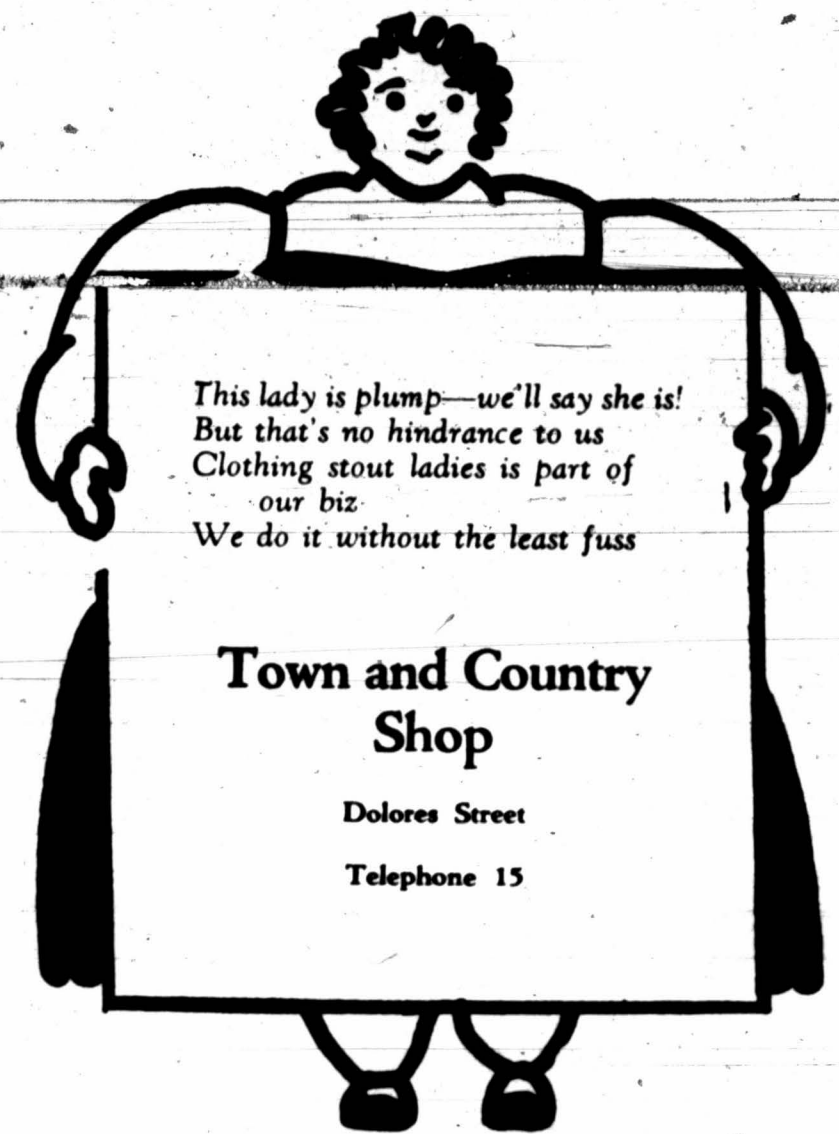


# OVER—BIG!

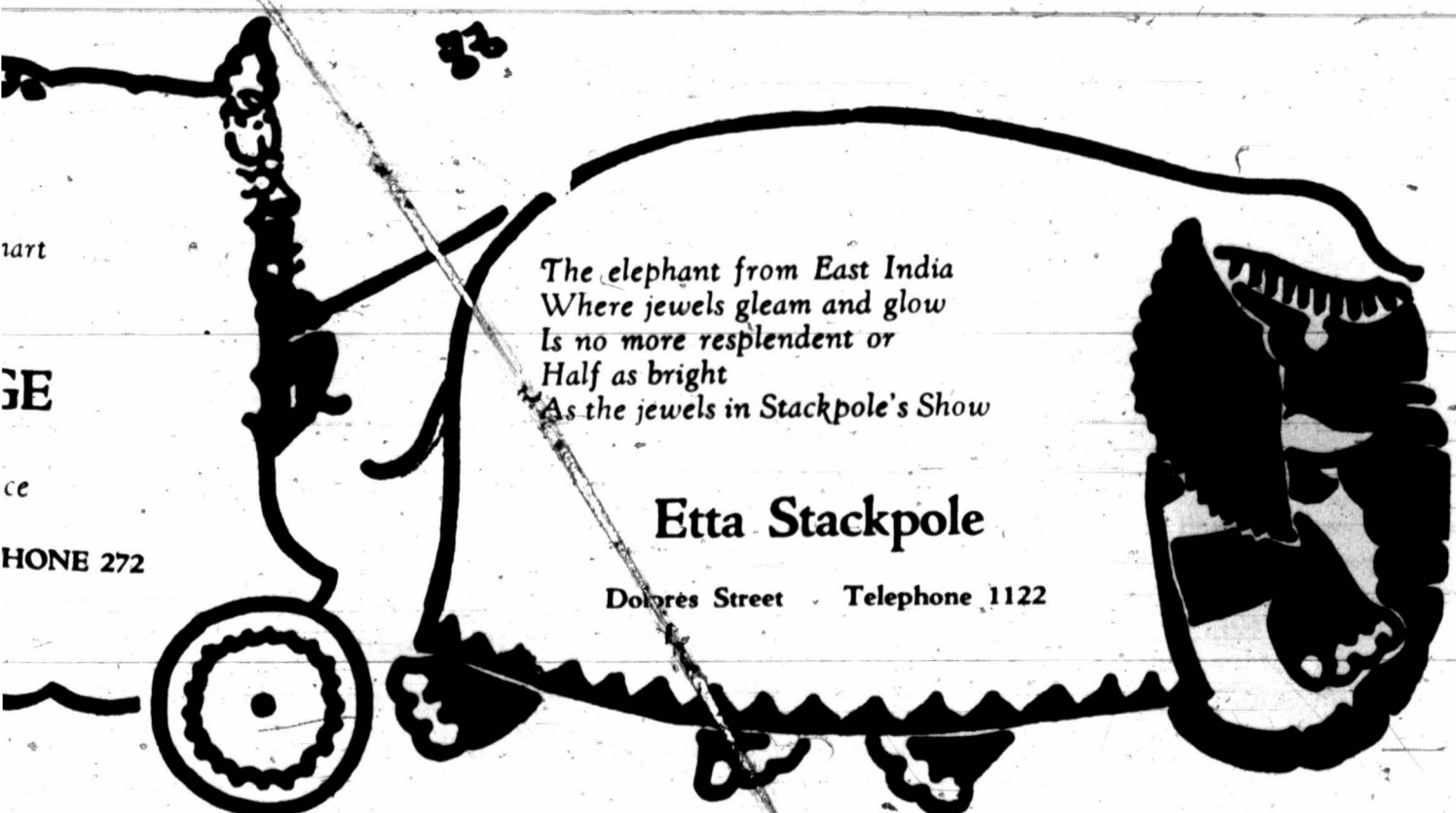
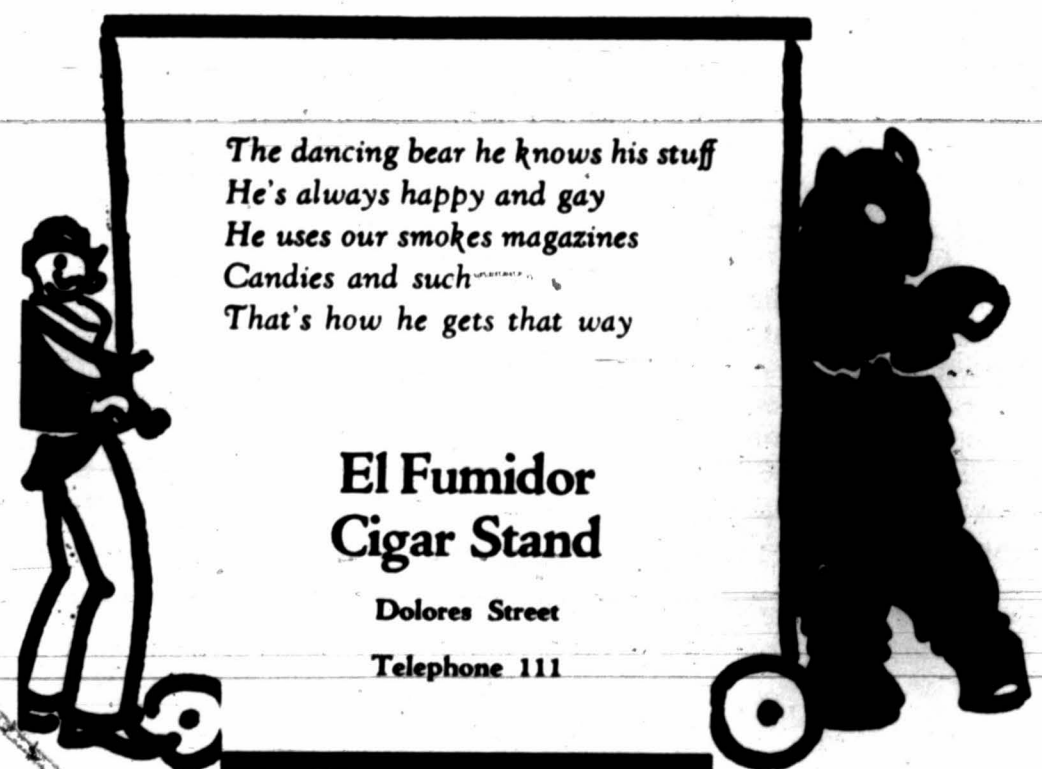
September 10—Dolores Street



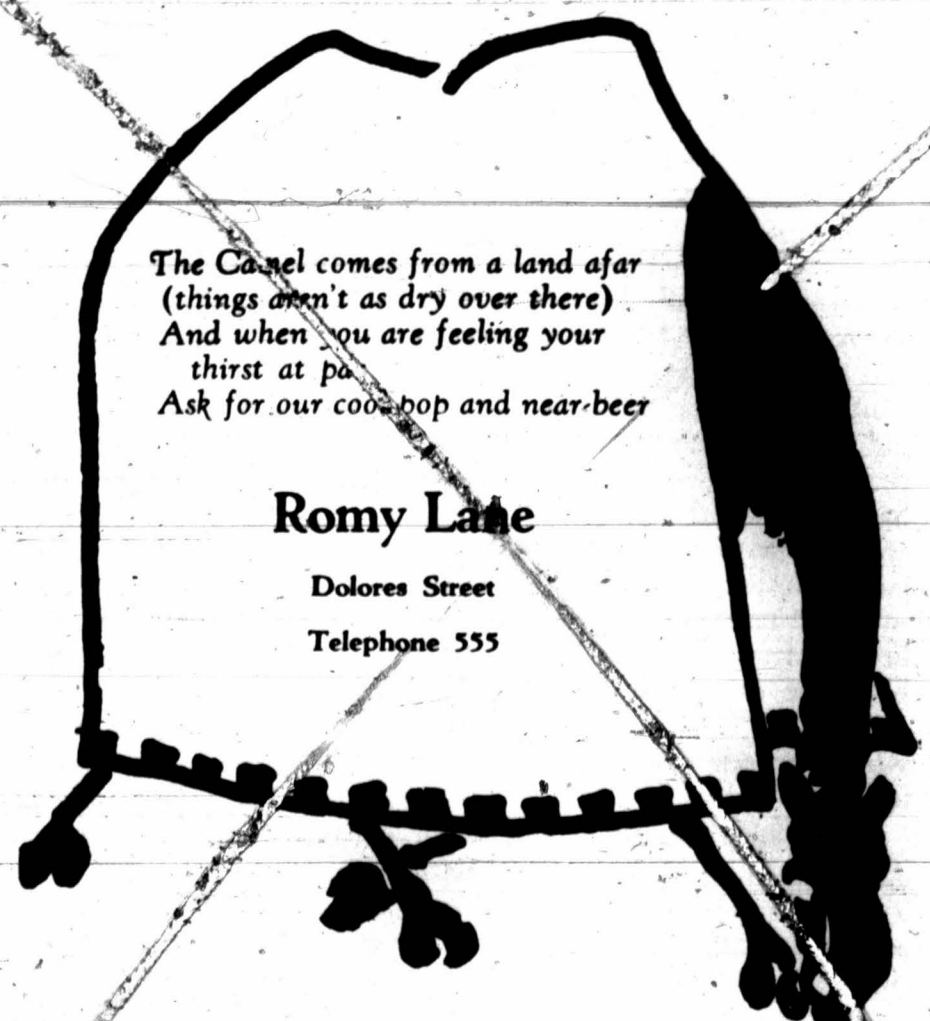
**Whitney's**  
Ocean Avenue  
Telephone 204



**Vining's Meat  
Market**  
Dolores Street Telephone 379



**Etta Stackpole**  
Dolores Street Telephone 1122



**Romy Lane**  
Dolores Street  
Telephone 555



# Newberry's Authentic Autobiography

XV

The San Francisco *Evening Post* had just been sold to a southern syndicate, and Tom Garrett was in command, with Clarence Warren his news editor. Both had known me on the *Examiner*, and I was put to work at the most kaleidoscopic job a newspaper man ever had, probably. The new management was cleaning out the entire staff of the paper, filling positions with men of its own selection, and I became the stop-gap. "Take the city hall detail this week," Warren would instruct me, and I would cover the courts and departmental affairs until relieved by the permanent reporter hired for the job. "Now the water front," Warren would command, and I'd be meeting arriving steamers, and interviewing passengers.

When I was sent to take the police detail at the Hall of Justice, temporarily, I ran into difficulties. All the newspapers, morning and evening, had two men on this job, but Garrett believed it could be handled by one, with a corresponding saving of expense. The discharge of the *Post*'s two police reporters, and my substitution, wasn't popular with the men from the other papers, who saw in it, if it should prove successful, the loss of a number of jobs.

There was quickly organized a cabal against me. Instead of working together on routine stuff and watching each other's interests as was customary in the reporters' room at the Hall of Justice, I found myself alone against all the rest of them. To "scoop" me and have stories in the *Bulletin*, the *Post*'s evening rival, that I had not located at all, was the ambition of the reporters of all the other newspapers, morning and evening. I must either have eight pairs of eyes and eight pairs of ears, or take my punishment.

It put me on my mettle. As San Jose correspondent of the *Examiner*, it had been my duty to watch an entire city for news each day, courts, police, departments, everything, which was excellent training for just this situation. Also, there were twenty-four hours in the day, and I could get along very well with four hours sleep a night—then I took up the challenge of the other newspapers, and began digging in.

Any newspaper reporter can tell what damage can be caused by an aggressive news-getter on any of the regular details that have been worn into ruts by long usage. I had another very important advantage that the cabal against me did not realize at first. I had recently been police captain in San Jose, and had friends and connections in the detective department here, and was on fairly intimate terms with Chief of Police Wittman. I could walk into his office any time, and he'd talk to me freely, knowing that I would not use his stuff if he asked it.

For every "scoop" the cabal gave the *Bulletin*, I answered with a *Post* exclusive; and while their scoops were the little stories of the day's grist—coming too fast for

my lone-hand to catch all—mine were real news. I worked day and night on the job, sitting up to all hours with my friends the detectives, and getting the inside stories of many a case that never was truly told. Much of this material couldn't be printed, though it afterwards served as the basis of mystery yarns, when I was writing fiction; but there was plenty of it that made front-page stories for the *Post*.

One morning, in that busy time just before noon, when the evening paper man is getting the run-of-mill stuff out of his system at a typewriter, the two *Bulletin* men came into the reporters' room excitedly, one of them grabbed a machine at the far end of the long table, and began a fierce pecking at its keys. Nothing in the news that I knew of to make for such a display of frenzy. They were whispering together, and my ear caught a phrase or two.

... brains all over the room... clubbed the life out of her... It sounded like a perfectly good murder.

I had a suspicion that this was a trick to get me away from my typewriter at a time when the machine and I should be hard at work, but I didn't dare take the chance. I tore out of the room and down stairs to the Chief's office. He was alone and would see me.

"Nothing at all doing," he grinned as I told him why I was there. "They're playing horse with you. No murder—nothing. But here's a telegram that might interest you," and the Chief handed me a message from the head of the Los Angeles police department.

"Mind keeping the contents of this to yourself for a couple of hours, Chief?" I questioned, and he nodded.

"It'll serve 'em right," he said. "But, mind you, I'll swear I never showed it to you. Must have leaked out some other place. Get me?"

I thanked him, and hurried back to telephone Warren on the *Post* desk what I had, and to get the whole front page thrown open to me; then settled again to my typewriter to turn out the finale of the greatest murder mystery of San Francisco's year—the Nora Fuller case. The suicide of a man in Los Angeles, told in the telegram to Chief Wittman, solved the enigma of a very celebrated crime. And I didn't mind the grins of the bevy of reporters, put wise to the *Bulletin*'s joke, while I wrote the last chapter in the Nora Fuller case for a *Post* "scoop."

My next job on the paper was on the desk, at rewrite and copy-reading; then I was dumped into the art department with authority to turn it upside down. When that was working comfortably, I was sent upstairs to see why the engraving plant didn't cooperate to get out a paper. And I spent a couple of weeks at make-up. Except for the business office, I was all over the plant, while it got a permanent staff of editors, reporters, artists, engravers and make-up men together. Finally one afternoon, with the city edition out of the way, Clarence Warren

looked up from the late flimsy he was giving a glance and the wastebasket, and said,

"Well, Perry, now we're fairly whipped into shape here, what sort of a job would you fancy?"

"You mean what I'd like, or what I'll get?"

"In reason, you'll get what you want, inside or out. Let's hear you talk."

"Well, I've always thought the heaven for a newspaperman was being a columnist. Independent cuss, working when he wants to, loafing when he feels that way. I could do a daily stunt of the stories-of-the-street kind, illustrating it with pen drawings."

"You're on," Warren agreed promptly. "About a double-half-column on the editorial page, with two or three small drawings each day. Keep a few jumps ahead of us, and your time is your own. Got an idea for tomorrow?"

I had—a whole lot of ideas, for I'd had my mind on the thing for some time. I pulled one which Warren said might do, and went home and got busy. This was going to be soft—very, very soft! Sleep as late as I wanted, work if and when I pleased! Stay at home in comfort and forget the rush and scramble of a newspaper office! That night I worked up stories and sketches for a week's supply.

They got by Warren's O.K. The next group was more difficult, but I was set on having a vacation, and dug hard at the job. The flower mart at Kearney and Market streets, the old castle on Telegraph Hill, the free lunch counters and the Cliff House, all served as settings for little stories, barely more than incidents. When I had a dozen or so done, and sketches made, I forgot all about the newspaper for a time.

Bru had sold his printing shop in San Jose and was with us again. Looking for a sound investment of the proceeds of the sale, he became a disciple of aviation, and a stockholder in the Greth airship, then building at the old ball grounds at Seventh and Market. My vacation was mostly spent watching progress on the big gas-bag.

This was the winter of 1901-1902. In Germany, Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin was in the early stages of experimentation with a dirigible that afterwards made his name the symbol for that type of airship. At Paris, Santos-Dumont had just won the Deutsch prize by steering his gas-bag from St. Cloud around the Eiffel tower and back, a total distance of over nine miles in half an hour. In the heavier-than-air class, Wilbur and Orville Wright were still in the glider phase of experimentation, their first motored plane being still two years in the future. So Dr. Greth was a pioneer of the air, and the machine he was building promised to make history.

It was a silk bag, cigar-shaped, probably sixty feet long, to be floated with refined illuminating gas, that would just lift the framework below, with its place for a single man, the engine—a motor from a powerful French automobile—and the four propellers that were to lift, steer and drive it. These propellers, on universal sockets, could be turned in any direction. One was at each corner of the framework, and they were expected to thrust the airship into the heights and bring it back to earth, as well as send it over its course. I am still wondering why Greth's universal joint propeller is not practical.

There were frequent disappointments and serious set-backs in the building. Where it is all experimental work, with a new medium to operate in, the going is hard. Nor was there plenty of money on hand for the operations. Bru, who had shown ability in selling stock, was made secretary of the company, and we planned an advertising campaign that we felt sure would bring in funds.

I got back on my job as columnist just as the last of the advance stuff was being used. Never again did I get more than a day or two ahead of the press, and usually I was crowding the "deadline" closely. Instead of being a cushie job, that little story with its simple sketch was a nightmare. Another to do—another—another—one every day—on and on, for ever!

Barnhart and Swasey, with offices on New Montgomery street, was the advertising concern which we had selected to spend the appropriation of the Greth Airship Co. While in their office one day, the suggestion was made that I come with them as an artist, doing designs for newspaper ads and illustrating booklets and folders. They had one artist at work then, but there was more than he could do. I snatched eagerly at the chance to get out of the newspaper game, and to forget the monotony of that daily column.

A commercial artist, I found, must have a lot more in his bag of tricks than the newspaper craftsman, and the slap-dash method of illustrating of the dailies will not satisfy the advertisers. I had never been even a first-rate newspaper artist, and it did not take me many days to realize that I would never make the grade here. I told Barnhart so, tendering my resignation, but he wouldn't listen to it. The firm was satisfied with my work, and was getting more business because I was there, he said.

"You can never build a reputation," I insisted, "with artists who are not qualified for their tasks. I haven't the technique for finished drawing. I can not letter at all. I can not make a woman's gown look like its price, or a suit of clothes have a fifty dollar value for fifteen bucks. I'm getting by on sketches; giving ideas that have appeal in their unfinished condition; but they're not right when completed. I know it, and you're going to find it out."

"But the answer isn't for you to resign," said Barnhart. "Hire artists that can do the finishing of your sketches. There are plenty of good technicians."

"You mean for me to build up an art department for you?"

"Just that. We believe it will pay, and are willing to take the risks. Go out and hire what you'll need to turn out our drawings properly finished."

So, slowly and gradually, I built up the Barnhart and Swasey art department of twenty specialists for every kind of commercial

art. It was a new idea in San Francisco, having artists under one management and one roof capable of making an air-brush drawing of a gas engine, a bird's-eye view of a manufacturing plant, the catalogue pictures for a woman's-wear house, or a poster for a brewery. One man, a genius in his way, did nothing else but lettering. I brought a manufacturing plant, the cataland, Ohio, and put Xavier Martinez, a San Francisco artist of note then as he still is, under contract for poster design. Our claim was that there was nothing in commercial art that we could not do well, and our department was a very busy place.

As the making of cuts, half-tones and zincos, was important to the success of our art department, we installed a plant, and hired men from the east, who were expert engravers, re-etchers, and toolers, to operate it. A printing plant was next in line, and we cut a door in the wall, and sprawled over into the next building. Barnhart and Swasey was growing fast.

Meanwhile, the Greth airship was at last finished, its gas-bag inflated, and all the tests made preliminary to that final one of free sailing. At the end of its cable, to which point skyward the propellers had lifted it, it made circles under its own power. Bru and I, watching the final check-up, cheered ourselves hoarse. In the basket was Captain Baldwin, balloonist and parachute jumper of county-fair fame, hired for the initial flight. The course over which he would fly next day was on the front page, under big headlines, of both the evening papers. Circling the dome of the Claus Spreckles' building, San Francisco's one great sky-scraper, the Greth airship would cross the bay to Oakland, circle that city's down-town district, and return to its anchorage in San Francisco.

All was in order. The ship was hauled down and roped fast, the guards were set, and Bru and I went to our home on Telegraph Hill excited and triumphant. The night that followed, tested frequently by one or the other of us at the door, was calm and serene. At dawn, a wind sprang up from the north, but nothing to worry about. As we ate breakfast, Bertha's pessimistic finger pointing out through the window to where the De Martini's washing fluttered on the clothesline, barely lowered our spirits. The wind was still little more than a breeze. We grabbed our caps and hurried to the airport.

(Continued next week)

## Passengers Wanted

Driving East. Wish 2 or 3 young men to share expenses.

Telephone Carmel 87-R



Scottish · Sealyham and Welsh Terriers

## The Del Monte Kennels

Owner, Miss Marion Kingsland

Castroville Highway "Monterey 294"



## The Soup Ladle

By James Broughton

We grew weary of foggy Carmel days last week, and so we hied ourself up to San Francisco where there was no fog. But it didn't matter. The whole trip was worth while, if only for one thing—sign we saw posted before a book stall at the Ferry Building. We couldn't believe our eyes; we had to look again; but it was true. The sign read: "The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche—The Philosopher of Optimism."

Carmel is a Mother Hubbard town! And we don't say that because we've just been up to San Francisco, either. But we've just had a shopping list handed to us and we are startled by what we see.

The Corner Cupboard  
The Green Cupboard  
Carmel Grocery Cupboards  
The "Rainy Day" Cupboard  
The village certainly has a lot of places in which to put away things—funny things, we should imagine. But we doubt very much if the Mother Hubbards of Carmel always find their cupboards bare.

When we get tired of soup, we are going to borrow Stella Mather's coffee ladle. It certainly serves up delicious liquid. Even the tough cowboys, who are acting in "Green Grow the Lilacs," bow to the coffee achievement of Mrs. Mather. All during the rehearsals of the play that Mather ladle has kept them singing. We may have to steal it.

### HOPE

Hope may lie  
in the pit  
of two blue eyes—  
or wave  
from the pinnacle  
of a Titian head,  
for some.

And hope  
may flutter gaily  
near at hand—  
or soar aloft  
on silver wings  
alone,  
for others.

But hope for me  
sits in view  
of fools  
and scholars—  
perched on high  
at the top  
of a million dollars.

Well, we did finally get to Thurso's Landing, but it meant completely ostracizing ourself from anyone. And there were many disappointments when we arrived. First there was the construction gang building a tremendous bridge over this canyon, with its silvery little creek, so that all one could see—instead of the beautiful vista of sea and forest—was this monstrous architecture.

And the construction gang were very perplexed when we mentioned Jeffers and Thurso's Landing. They thought we meant they were to have a new boss with a different contract. And just below them on the cliff were the remains of the old stone-shipping pier!

Henrietta Shore is planning to do a portrait of Jeffers, but she is not going to read any of his poetry until she has finished the painting.

We were very amused to read yesterday of an enterprising publisher in Budapest who advertised a volume entitled "What Every Young Girl Should Know Before

Marriage" and succeeded in selling many thousand copies of a cookery book, which had been on his hands for years. It seems that some of the annoyed recipients—many of whom were men—took the bookseller to court, where the judge very properly observed that he thought cooking was precisely what the young girl should know before marriage.

This ought to discourage little boys from sending for their literature through the mails.

Random Reflection at the Concert

Does a cellist ever get bow-legged holding his cello between his knees? We have heard of H. N. Bauernschmidt, Carmel's tree doctor, means in German, but we haven't heard

anyone play the cellophane... Who will now present the Sunset School with some bat exterminator?... Has Susie Pipes ever fallen off the edge of that chair?

\* \* \*

Did you know that the name of H. N. Bauernschmidt, Carmel's tree doctor, means in German "Tree Smith"?

# Buyers' Directory of Carmel and the Peninsula

### Air Service:

Monterey Peninsula Airport  
Salinas Road  
Telephone Monterey 2052

### Architect:

C. J. Ryland  
Hatton Fields, Carmel  
Spazier Bldg. Monterey  
Telephone Carmel 404  
Monterey 648

### Art Goods and Antiques:

Mission Art and Curio Store  
120 Main Street Monterey  
Telephone Monterey 279

### Art Stores:

Merle's Treasure Chest  
Next to the Bank of Carmel  
Ocean and Dolores  
Telephone Carmel 450

### Attorneys:

Campbell, Argyll, City Attorney  
Spazier Building, Monterey  
Telephone Monterey 164

### Automobile Business and Garages:

Snider Chevrolet Co.  
665 Munras, Monterey  
Telephone Monterey 2010

Carmel Garage  
Ocean and San Carlos  
Telephone 272

Carl's Auto Service  
6th and Mission  
Telephone 158-W

### Auto Body Repairs:

Heizen Body Works  
478 Tyler Street, Monterey  
Telephone Monterey 472

### Banks:

Bank of Carmel  
Ocean Avenue  
Telephone 312

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank  
Dolores Street  
Telephone 920

### Bakeries:

Carmel Bakery  
Ocean Avenue  
Telephone 331

Dolores Bakery  
Dolores Street  
Telephone 650

### Beauty Shops:

Cox, Alla  
457 Alvarado Street, Monterey  
Telephone Monterey 1240

### Builders and Building Supplies:

Murphy, M. J., Inc.  
Monte Verde and 9th  
Telephone 154

### Candy Stores:

The Pine Cone Candy Shop  
"You'll Enjoy Our 50¢ Lunch"  
608 Lighthouse Avenue  
Telephone Pacific Grove 962-W

### Children's and Infant's Apparel:

Pinafore Playhouse  
"Toys & Togs"  
Ocean Avenue  
Opposite Pine Inn  
Carmel 535-W

### Dairy Business:

Carmel Dairy  
Ocean and Mission Streets  
Telephone 304

### Department Stores:

Meagher & Co.  
590 Lighthouse Avenue, Pacific Grove  
Telephone Monterey 1144

Montgomery Ward and Co.  
Pacific and Franklin Streets, Monterey  
Telephone Monterey 614

### Drug Stores:

Carmel Drug Store  
Ocean and San Carlos  
Telephone 10

Dolores Pharmacy  
Dolores and 7th  
Telephone 400

### Dry Goods:

Stella's Dry Goods Store  
Ocean and Dolores  
Telephone 26-J

### Electricians and Dealers:

Hill, Paul K., Westinghouse Dlr.  
San Carlos and 8th  
Telephone 56-J

R. M. Kingman, RCA Radio  
Norge Refrigeration  
Dolores Street near Ocean Avenue  
Telephone 99

Rohr, Carl, General Electric Dlr.  
Ocean and Dolores  
Telephone 58

### Employment Agencies:

Carmel Employment Agency  
Dolores and 7th  
Telephone 753

### Fishing Parties:

"Two Brothers" 50 ft. powered  
cruiser  
Fisherman's Wharf Monterey  
Telephone Monterey 1746-W

### Food Shop:

Home Food Shop  
7th and Dolores  
Telephone 901

### French Lessons:

Madam Jeanne Pirene  
Dolores and 9th. : Telephone 734-J

### Furniture Business:

Carmel Hardware Co.  
Ocean Avenue and Mission  
Telephone 463-W

Fix-it Shop, Du Bois Fencing Agent  
San Carlos and 7th  
Telephone 98

### Used Furniture:

Noah's Ark, "Everything under  
the Sun"  
221 Forest Avenue  
Telephone Pacific Grove 2885

### Grocery Business:

Carmel Grocery Cupboards, Inc.  
"Halting the decline of fine  
merchandising"  
Ocean at Mission  
Telephone 720

Dolores Cash Grocery  
Dolores and 7th  
Telephone 448

Ewig's Grocery  
Ocean and Dolores  
Telephone 423

### Leidig's Grocery

Ocean and Dolores  
Telephone 168 and 169

Market Del Mar  
Dolores Street near 6th  
Telephone 964 and 838

### Hardware:

Carmel Hardware Co.  
Ocean and Mission  
Telephone 463-W

Bonham's Inc.  
Ocean and San Carlos  
Telephone Carmel 84

### Jewelry Business:

Stackpole, Etta  
Dolores Street near Ocean  
Telephone 1122

Wheaton, M. L.  
420 Alvarado Street, Monterey  
Telephone 191-J

Merle's Treasure Chest  
Next to the Bank of Carmel  
Ocean and Dolores  
Telephone Carmel 450

### Laundries:

Carmel Laundry  
Junipero and 5th  
Telephone 176

### Ladies' Apparel:

Cinderella Shop  
Ocean and Monte Verde  
Telephone 280

Carmelita Shop, The  
Ocean next to theatre  
Telephone 228

### Light and Heat:

Pacific Gas & Electric Co.  
Williams Building, Dolores near 7th  
Telephone 778

### Meat Markets:

Wild, Frank  
Ocean and Dolores  
Telephone 1094

Vining's Meat Market  
Dolores and 7th  
Telephone 379

Percy's Market  
(Market Del Mar)  
Dolores Street near 8th  
Telephone 838

### Music Stores:

Lial's Music Shop  
"Everything Musical"  
490 Alvarado Street  
Telephone Monterey 1418

### Optical Business:

Hare Optical Co.  
373 Alvarado Street, Monterey  
Telephone Monterey 630

### Painting Contractors:

W. McPhillips, Contractor  
Agent for Bass Hueter Paints  
San Carlos and Fifth  
Telephone 76-W

### Pet Shop:

The Pet Shop (Lloyd Lemon)  
480 Alvarado Street, Monterey  
Telephone Monterey 202-J

### Pharmacies:

Dolores Pharmacy  
Dolores and 7th  
Telephone 400

Carmel Drug Store  
Ocean and San Carlos  
Telephone 10

### Pianos:

Abinate Piano Co.  
490 Alvarado Street  
Telephone Monterey 1418

### Printing:

Carmel Press  
San Carlos and 7th  
Telephone 77

### Plumbers:

T. B. Reardon  
San Carlos and 4th  
Telephone 49

### Real Estate:

Carmel Property Co.  
Telephone 777  
Ocean between Dolores & San Carlos

Carmel Realty Co. Ltd.  
Las Tiendas Building, Ocean Avenue  
Telephone 21

Douglass, Mrs. Tom  
DeYoe Patio  
Telephone 707

Phillip Wilson, Jr.  
Ocean at Lincoln  
Telephone 101

White, Miss Elizabeth McClung  
Ocean Avenue  
Telephone 171

C. R. Parrott, Realtor  
Ocean Avenue  
(opposite Pine Inn)  
Telephone 201

C. R. Parrott  
Mrs. Welsh Rental Dept.  
Ocean Avenue, Opp. Pine Inn  
Telephone 61

### Restaurants:

Whitney, C. W.  
Ocean and San Carlos  
Telephone 204

The Carmel-Eta Inn  
Ocean Avenue near Library  
Telephone 879

The Homestead  
North side of the Park  
Telephone 436

### Service Stations:

Shell Super Service Station  
San Carlos and Fifth  
Telephone 462

### Stables:

San Carlos Riding Academy  
Ocean and Junipero  
Telephone: House 51, Stables 144

Bettie Greene Stables  
Junipero and 4th  
Telephone: House 165-W, Stables 31

### Stock Brokers:

Russel-Miller and Co.  
Del Monte Hotel  
Telephone 2500

### Telephone:

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph  
Company  
Dolores and 7th  
Telephone 20

### Typewriter Exchange:

Peninsula Typewriter Exchange  
129 Franklin Street, Monterey  
Telephone Monterey 1090

### Theater:

Carmel Theater  
Ocean Avenue and Monte Verde  
Telephone 282

### Wood, Coal and Kindling:

Plaza Fuel Co., John Catlin  
and Keith Eysen  
Junipero and 6th  
Telephone 180



## EDITORIAL

## TOM SOTH TELLS IT

Now comes Tom Soth, secretary of the John Reed Club, who says that "unfortunately your version of my talk with you does not coincide with mine—" referring to my editorial in last week's PINE CONE—"and I should like some correction made."

Very good, Tom. You tell it.

"You refused to sign the petition before I had said five words; you were seemingly aware of my errand as soon as I came in."

That's me, Tom. I'm quick that way. I get things almost intuitively. You came in with a sheaf of clean, white paper in your hand, and I fairly leaped to the conclusion that you had a petition. Then, in five words or less, you said you had a petition, and I believed you. Go on, Tom.

"I expressed surprise that an enlightened Liberal would refuse to support the cause of free speech."

Wasn't it later, Tom, that you expressed surprise etc.? As I recalled it, there were some soothing words about wanting my signature first on the petition because I was such and such, and my influence was so and so. Maybe twelve words. Maybe fifteen. Didn't you "express surprise that an enlightened Liberal" etc. after you left the office, or next day sometime? But we won't quarrel over that. You are telling it nicely.

"You became aroused." Thank you, Tom. That's much better than I was. Really, Tom, it was just mad. If you'd said, "You got mad," I couldn't have disputed you. But leave your more kindly phrase stand: "You became aroused, and took the stand: 'Not in the schools with the children.'"

Let's explain, Tom, that there wasn't any platform to take, and when you say that I "took the stand," you don't mean that I climbed up on a table, or even a box, and did this nice piece of oratory. Of course you mean that I took the mental position. And let's explain that there wasn't any audience to this. It was just you and I. Neither one of us was orating to the audience, as you do at the John Reed Club. If I said, "Not in the schools; not with the children,"—and I'm not saying that I didn't, mind you; it's a good line—it was not hurled at the mob, but more likely hissed at an individual. Now again it's your turn.

"I pointed out both that the school was not involved in our petition and that the library was a public institution where every point of view should be represented."

You probably did—in five words—and I failed to catch them all. Or maybe I was talking at the same time, and couldn't hear it. Or likely enough, the explanation is in your next paragraph, which says, "You walked away, angrily, repeating that our literature must be kept from children, that it might be all right for adults, 'whose minds are formed.' By this you meant, 'Whose minds are closed.'"

Now, now, Tom, you can't be the relator of the incident, and at the same time be the interpreter for both parties to it. That's not fair. How do you know I meant one thing when I said another? I'll stand for walking away angrily, although it indicates somewhat of physical caution that I'd prefer kept quiet. Had I been telling it of you, Tom, I'd have said, "He approached me, angrily." But maybe I didn't approach you, did walk away. Maybe I repeated myself as I walked away. Maybe I

## Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

Established February 3, 1917

Official Newspaper of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California

The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition, circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.

Subscription rates: One year, \$2.00. Six months, \$1.25. Three months, 65¢. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1917, at the postoffice at Carmel, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Published weekly by the Pine Cone Press Publishing Corporation.

PERRY NEWBERRY and RANALD COCKBURN, Publishers

Printed by the CARMEL PRESS, INC.

## CARCASSONNE

Now I have been to Carcassonne  
What more has life for me?  
I having once known Carcassonne  
All is futility.

For my Love lies in Carcassonne  
Upon a hill pine-sweet;  
The white stars shining at his head,  
The blue sea at his feet.

But we have been to Carcassonne,  
My only Love and I;  
And having once known Carcassonne  
I'll lay me down and die.

Annice Calland

## PRIERE

May God,  
The while we wander divers ways,  
Keep blowing with His breath the frail flame  
That flutters in our hearts and may  
Be done.

And may He  
Watch the fragrance of our memory  
And keep it sweet with weeping and with dew—  
And light a lantern in the dark of doubt  
Or coax from sleeping the reluctant sun.

May God,  
The while we lose each other's eyes  
And sight is vacant for an eon's time,  
Keep vision sacred in some purple room  
Of love,  
And give it softly back when we have need.

And may He  
Smile upon us in our parting—  
Brighten us with radiance when we  
Are reunited!

Charles Beardsley

## EDEN

Let no woman speak here,  
Nor curve a white finger;  
In this wood, this cursed wood,  
Let no woman linger!

No woman dare follow  
The path down the dusky  
Hollow where visibly  
Rises the musky

Breath of grey lichens,  
And mist from brown water;  
Woe in this wood awaits  
Adam's young-daughter!

Lurks here for Adam's child  
Under the Tree,  
Woe that writhes silently,  
Sinuously!

Phyllis B. Morden  
in Westward

muttered angrily. But you couldn't tell from such actions that I meant this, when I said that.

"I disagreed with you," your letter continues, "people must have an opportunity to read about and study all points of view before they make up their minds; after they have done that it is too late to present to them (or most of them) a new idea."

Now, Tom, right here is the gist of any dispute over the details of the incident, and instead of being concise, you go off in generalities. In my editorial I said that you said that you had to catch 'em while they were young. And, desiring a correction, you do not deny saying it, nor tell what exactly you did say, but shoot some general remarks of trite insignificance, carefully worded even to pen interpolations in the type-written copy, as what you said in the heat of this dispute. Is it likely, Tom, that either one of us was dotting our i's and crossing our t's, while I walked angrily away from you, and you bravely stood your ground, and hurled defiance at me? Can you see yourself, at the supreme moment of this dispute, handing me, "People must have an opportunity to read about and study all points of view before they make up their minds; after that it is too late to present to them (or most of them) a new idea." Don't make me laugh, Tom.

Those weren't your words. My own statement of what you said is much more exact, although I didn't even pretend to quote you verbatim. Nor do the words matter. In the last paragraph of your letter—which we now quote, to make complete your entire statement—you say again in more extended form: "I should like at this time to say definitely that my belief is that our present economic and political system has broken down, that it must be radically changed, and that those changes obviously will not be made by men whose political and economic conceptions are formed and fixed and unchangeable. They will be made by the younger generation who can still learn, and whose lives must be lived under new conditions we may hardly yet conceive."

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## SPEEDING PAST THE SCHOOL

With the reopening of school comes the need for caution in the driving of cars on San Carlos street. During the long summer vacation, people have become careless, and unless the speedy habits of some of them are not checked, there will be a sad tragedy resulting. Pass the school slowly; take no chance.

The state law provides: "It shall be lawful for the driver of a vehicle to drive the same at a speed not exceeding the following: Fifteen miles an hour when passing a school building or the grounds thereof during school recess or while children are going to or leaving school during opening or closing hours, or while playgrounds of such school are in use by school children."

This law is violated every day, and many times every day. We have seen cars speed by the school at better than twice the legal requirement while children have been coming to school. Very few cars pull down to less than twenty miles an hour in passing.

The law has regard for common sense when it fixes the speed rate not at twenty miles, but fifteen miles per hour before public schools. At that rate, the driver can come



to an emergency halt within the length of his car. He has the machine under his control. If a child dashes out after a ball, he need not drive him down, no matter how unexpected the appearance.

And it isn't for the driver of the car to say when his speed should be, or to pooh-pooh the requirements of the law. It is for him to obey that law absolutely. We want no tragedies at Sunset School, and if it requires a series of arrests with heavy fines, or even jail sentences, to make this stretch of road safe for our children, let's have that before—not after—somebody is maimed or killed.

We ask that the police department give attention to driving on San Carlos street in front of Sunset School now, and use the power of the law to safeguard the school-children of Carmel.

### HE NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION

Fred Buck is now connected with the PINE CONE as its advertising manager. He begins work for us, after a vacation in the Sierras, tomorrow. He hardly needs any introduction, for he has lived long in Carmel, and has been active here in the interest

of the Pacific Grove Tribune, with which newspaper he has worked for the past several years.

Fred Buck is an advertising expert, with experienced knowledge of the needs of the Monterey peninsula as to space and copy. He has the reputation of a business producer for his clients, and as a careful supervisor of their advertising appropriations. He believes that the interest of his paper is best served by protecting the interests of the advertiser. He wants to build their businesses, knowing that will best build his paper's business.

His expert knowledge is now at the service of PINE CONE advertisers, and he will give advice on any of the knotty problems of publicity that arise in the round of business. He can help you in the preparation of attractive copy, make your advertising talks have that appeal that brings home the bacon. He is at your service.

And the PINE CONE is proud of the connection. Fred Buck is very much a Carmelite, owning his home here, bringing up a fine family among us, interested in the things which mean so much to every real Carmelite. We like to have him on our staff.

coming visit, so he has been passing several days in San Francisco while his teeth were being put in condition.

The Carmel playwright will spend virtually a year studying the Soviet experiment.

"I'm not sure I shall write anything on that subject," he said. "We shall see."

But those who know the author's capacity for work don't expect any waste of time on his part, and it wouldn't surprise the Broadway producers if a Russian play were offered them soon after his return. Or the publishers, who have been avid in their search for Soviet material, may demand a book.

Evidence of Flavin's profitable use of time is found in the swift succession of plays he has written in the six years since his retirement from business at the age of 40, with a sizable fortune.

"Cross Roads," one of his stage plays, was at the Golden Gate last week, retitled "The Age of Consent," and two others, "Broken Dishes" and "The Criminal Code," adapted for the screen, are bringing him royalties. Two seasons ago he had three successful plays running on Broadway at the same time.

Flavin drew attention to Carmel's latest theatrical enterprise, "Green Grow the Lilacs," Lynn Riggs' comedy of cowboy life, recently staged at Reginald Travers' theater here. The Carmel Community Players will stage the piece

September 2, 3 and 4 under Galt Bell's direction.

Which explains the cowponies parked at the Carmel Playhouse

Another evidence of the inspiring atmosphere of Carmel will be on the bookstands in October.

It is a novel, "One Against Earth" written in Carmel last year by Daniel Mainwaring and will be published by Ray Long and Richard Smith.

Mainwaring, who is 30, has been a librarian, a teacher and a newspaper reporter. He came to the village last summer and plunged into writing this novel which has for its scene the San Joaquin valley.

At the present time, Mainwaring is residing with his father, Edward S. Mainwaring, retired forest ranger who lives in Pacific Grove. Mainwaring is now working on another book.

Within the next few days, harvesting of Carmel valley's pear crop will be under way and will bring growers in that section net returns of around \$50,000.

According to Ben H. Schulte, manager of the Carmel Pear Growers association, this season's shipments will total around 116 cars. Each car is valued at approximately \$500. Harvesting and packing operations will provide work for about 100 persons, recruited in the valley.

## People Talked About

Robert Young, the rising moving picture actor, who dropped into Carmel the other day to visit old friends, is a firm believer in luck—or it might be fate.

Several years ago, Young worked around Carmel doing odd jobs and taking part in several local shows, some of them produced by Edward Kuster. Then he left for Los Angeles where he obtained a position in a bank.

Going into the movies was the most remote possibility in his mind. He went to the show once in a while, but never even considered that some day he might be on the screen. He worked for the bank steadily, getting a small salary out of which he supported two younger brothers.

One afternoon they were producing a play at the Pasadena Community Playhouse and the actor selected for the part became ill. They telephoned to Robert Young. He had experience on the stage, wouldn't he accept the part? He would like to very much, but he hadn't the time. Finally it was arranged and after a short rehearsal period, the play went on.

In the audience was one of the officials of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. He watched Young's performance with great interest and enthusiasm. After the show, he called Young to his side.

"Come over and see me at the studio tomorrow morning," the official said.

"But I can't," said Young. "You see I work at the bank and if I don't show up I'll get fired."

"Don't worry, I'll call them up," the official said and added with a smile. "I don't think you'll go back to work for the bank anyway."

Tests of Young were taken. They proved successful and while they were trying to find a part for him, the professional actor who was to play in Helen Hayes' *The Sin of Madelon Claudet* became ill. Robert Young was given the part. He was an immediate success.

Then there came several others. One of his latest to be seen in

Carmel was *The Wet Parade* in which he took the part of the prohi agent out to smash the liquor interests.

And just the other day, Young signed a contract for three years.

It might have just been luck, but Young is another actor whose experience on the Carmel stage has led to the bright lights.

Every once in a while I am forced to write something of one or the other of my three nieces, who all seem destined to get into the national news. Take for instance, niece Barbara, Max's daughter, whose legs got mixed up with Ziegfeld's Follies and a hoary advertising campaign. And now it is Ruth, Grace's daughter, who covers a couple of pages in *The Sportsman Pilot*, a national airplane magazine.

Ruth Kitchel is associate editor with my brother, Roy, of the *Coldwater Daily Reporter*, back in Michigan, a quite breezy and cosmopolitan paper owned by my sister, Grace. Ruth will leave the office in the afternoon when the paper is on the press, and visit a friend in Louisiana or Florida or somewhere. She has her own sport plane, and is not only a licensed pilot, but has just won her rating as commercial pilot.

Bert Stoll tells about it in the *Sportsman Pilot*:

Up to 2,000 feet a trim little green-colored Travel Air biplane climbs! Below, Grosse Ile Airport and the lower end of the Detroit River recede. Skyscrapers of the city of Detroit loom on a distant horizon.

"Now put her into a stall." It is Charles L. Walker, Department of Commerce inspector, speaking.

The pilot obeys. "Now into a spin to the right—then back up for a spin to the left."

Again the pilot executes both maneuvers like a veteran.

Then, at the direction of the inspector, follow a series of vertical banks, power stalls, steep figure-eights. . . . Finally Inspector

or Walker is satisfied. He signals for a landing, and the ship descends for a smooth three-pointer on the island-airport.

Thus was another Michigan girl added to the roll of licensed airplane pilots with a limited commercial rating! Thus did Miss Ruth Kitchel acquire her M. A. in airmanship.

The incident was not extraordinary—in some respects. In

others it was unique. It wasn't unusual that a twenty-four-year-old girl should be taking her tests for a pilot's ticket—it was somewhat distinguishing, though, that she should be doing so to acquire her second-degree diploma. It wasn't particularly amazing that a woman was acquiring the brevet of pilots who fly for pleasure—but it was more than mildly interesting that she was enlisting under the standard of sport flying in a territory where the ranks of sportsmen pilots are at best still thin and where most members of the fairer sex feel they must justify their flying by breaking the record for barrel rolls or nursing the cause of the infant aviation.

The Kitchel home is in Coldwater, Michigan. Ruth, a recent University of Michigan graduate, is already rated among the more prominent citizens of the purlieu.

The presence of her plane on the local airport would ordinarily be enough to attain that eminence for her; fliers are still considered a super-species thereabout. But even failing flying, she would still be a local celebrity. For, with her mother, Mrs. Grace Kitchel, she edits and publishes a daily newspaper, the *Coldwater Reporter*, and the influence of the small-town press upon the inhabitants of the proximate countryside is too important for its operators to be ignored.

Says Fred Johnson, drama editor of the *Call-Bulletin* about Martin Flavin of the Highlands.

Martin Flavin isn't certain as to the kind of food he will be offered in Russia during a forth-

## The Devil Walks

By Herbert Cerwin

Back from San Francisco where we discovered that Carmelites are as much in evidence as in their own home town.

We saw several of them at the Egan murder trial; at the Curran Theater where *The Cat and the Fiddle* is playing to capacity crowds; on Market street; on the ferry boat crossing the bay, and on Third street, where they were reverting to the old Carmel pastime of watching a fire.

It felt like old times to sit back at the press table and witness the Egan murder trial—one of the most sensational cases in the history of San Francisco.

From as early as 6 o'clock in the morning, a mass of people gather in the court room in the hope of obtaining one of the 150 available seats. The trial does not start until 10 o'clock. They bring their own lunch and don't dare move for a minute for fear of losing their seats.

One has but to look around the courtroom and see every type of character, every type of emotion betrayed in the muscles of their faces. In the front row sits Mrs. Egan, trying to catch every word of the witnesses and looking anxiously at her husband. Next to her sits Tinnin's sister. A little further down the same row is Mrs. Golden, the wife of the prosecutor.

Inside the railing, next to the press section, sits Judge Dunne's 19-year-old daughter and her fiancé. They have been at the trial all week. Over to the right is a battery of photographers taking pictures of the witnesses as they testify.

Prosecutor Golden hands a letter to witness Tinnin. Golden then turns and smiles to the cameramen. It is a signal for them to snap their shutters. . . . election time is near.

During the recess we went out and smoked a cigarette with Egan. The last time we had seen him he was a respected public defender at a salary of \$8,000 a year. He had then been making plans to run for superior court judge.

"How are things going, Frank?" we ask.

He smiles. The strain of the trial is telling on him. He has lost over fifteen pounds.

"Well," he replies, "You know juries. They're like an old woman. You can't ever say what they'll do."

By the time this is in print, Frank Egan's fate will be in the hands of the jury.

A week ago Friday, those on the press table were betting three to one that he would be convicted of second degree and twenty to one that he would not hang. The chances are likely that the jury will be deadlocked.

One hour was enough. Despite open windows, the temperature of the courtroom is over 80 degrees. Beads of perspiration are on even his honor's forehead. We have fond thoughts of the cool Carmel breeze and fog as we make our way out through the judge's chambers.

In the lobby of the Curran Theater we overheard two middle-aged women:

"How have you been, Henrietta?"


"Fine," the other woman responded. "Have had a marvelous time. Been every day at the Egan trial. You ought to come—but be sure to bring your lunch!"

Back in Carmel, we wonder how we ever lived and worked in San Francisco.





# THE VILLAGE NEWS-REEL



Bertha E. Shapleigh, of Mountain View avenue, has an article on western foods in the September issue of *Sunset Magazine*. She is an authority on the subject.

Capt. and Mrs. Eugene Blake were visitors in Carmel over the week-end. Capt. Blake is head of the Coast Guard at San Francisco.

Lieut. and Mrs. L. V. Sterning of the San Francisco Presidio, here for the summer, with the lieutenant an instructor at the training camps, have returned to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Timmens, and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Penny of San Francisco who have been here for the summer, have recently left for home.

Mrs. Helen B. Shedden has arrived here from Oakland to occupy her cottage at Eighth and Torres streets.

Miss Ethel Swain of Oakland is visiting her brother, occupying the Eells house on Santa Lucia.

Mrs. Kathryn L. Overstreet is gradually improving in health at her home in the Eighty Acres. Her illness has been long and severe.

Mr. and Mrs. Rhys Williams, frequent visitors here, are back at Dune Eden, 7th and San Antonio streets. Williams is busily engaged at a new book.

Miss Janet Prentiss of the Cinderella Shop was a week-end visitor in San Francisco.

A beautiful wedding was solemnized at Heather Hill, home of Dr. Margaret Levick at the Highlands, when Miss Emilie Hol-

brook of Roxbury, Mass., became the bride of Mr. Ralph A. Cote of Carmel on the terraces there. The Rev. Willis G. White performed the ceremony, and Miss Laura Dierksen played the wedding march. Refreshments were served al fresco.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Buck have returned from a two weeks' vacation at Glen Alpine near Lake Tahoe. Their activities have included going through famed Desolation Valley, fishing in the lakes and streams thereabouts, and climbing over the Tamarack Trail to the top of Mount Rafton.

Ed Fitzpatrick, Jr. and his eleven-piece Hotel Del Monte orchestra will remain throughout the winter months. This announcement, but recently made by C. S. Stanley, manager of Del Monte, will be joyfully received by the large number of Bali Room patrons.

Mr. Ferdinand Burgdorff, Carmel artist, with his mother and sister, have been spending a few weeks at Pyramid Lake, Nevada.

Mrs. Frances Rand Smith, author of several interesting books on California Missions, has been a guest at Sea View Inn.

With Bishop Edward L. Parsons officiating, Miss Elisa Kline and Whitney Palache of Carmel were married recently in Burlingame.

Mrs. Mattie Huntington Coppuck of Burlingame is the guest of Miss Janet Prentiss in Hatton Fields.

Miss Marion Minges entertained a group of her friends at her home in Carmel, the occasion being her birthday. Among the guests were the Misses Doris Dale, Marion McGuire, Mack Watson and Mary Wheldon and Messrs.

Robert Lewis, Ruston Rodgers, Dan Chew, James Darling, Gordon Campbell, Harold Brown and Jean Juillard, Jr.

Recent guests at Sea View Inn: Miss Mary B. Abbott, Pomona; Miss Ida B. Mead, Los Angeles; Mrs. G. E. Kelly, Alameda; Miss Ida Lindeman, Oakland; Miss Genevieve Ford, San Jose; Mrs. Bertha Houghton, Santa Cruz; Miss Norma Burnett, Sunnyvale; Mrs. Carl Henry, Pasadena; Mr. Howard C. Smith, Palo Alto.

Mrs. Etta Stackpole is in Los Angeles for a week attending the Gift Show. While there she is staying at the Alexander Hotel.

Mr. Archie Meyer left this week for Berkeley, where he will visit his parents, Colonel and Mrs. Meyer, for a few weeks. Mr. Meyer has been staying at La Playa Hotel for the last two months.

Among the week end guests at La Ribera were: Miss H. Armstrong, San Francisco; Miss M. Barry, San Francisco; Misses Helen and Ina Watkins, Los Angeles; Mrs. Cecelia Aronson, New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lindley, Kansas; Mrs. Louis Mayer, St. Louis; Mrs. C. K. and Miss V. Bennett, Hillsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hollingworth and daughter Lorraine spent a week's vacation in Carmel staying at La Ribera.

Mrs. Fred Dohrmann and her daughters, Louise, Helen and Emilie, of San Francisco are spending a week or more vacationing in Carmel, staying at Hotel La Ribera.

The many friends of Kit Cooke will be glad to learn that she is now well enough to get out and take motor rides.

Mr. Leon Liebes of San Francisco spent the week-end in Carmel. While here he spent a great deal of his time playing golf.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, entertained Saturday evening at their Carmel home with a small dinner party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale. Mrs. Lansdale was Miss Helen Palache of Carmel before her recent marriage. A few friends and members of Mrs. Lansdale's family were guests at the informal affair.

Before a selected audience, Mrs. Charlotte Reeve Conover talked Tuesday night at the All Saints Parish Hall under the auspices of the Alliance Francaise on "Geneva Now and Then." She is leaving for Dayton, Ohio, her own town.

Mrs. Ruth Matthews Lewis of

Carmel has been with her daughter, Mrs. Gordon Lillibridge, in San Francisco. During her stay in the city, Mrs. Lewis welcomed a nine pound grandson, born to Mr. and Mrs. Lillibridge in a San Francisco hospital.

Mrs. Betty Morse is now up and around again after a few weeks of sickness.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. A. Porter Halsey of Carmel, who are the parents of a baby daughter whom they have named Gail. The baby arrived on Friday, August 19, at the St. Francis hospital in San Francisco. Both Mrs. Halsey and Gail returned last evening to their home on Carpenter and First in Carmel.

H. W. Williamson, manager of the last several race meets for Del Monte, has acquired Will Tevis' horse interests at Del Monte it was learned yesterday. Henceforth the Del Monte stables will be under the personal direction of Williamson.

Well known to followers of horse sports in this section as well as the East, Williamson is rated one of the most expert horsemen in the country. He will conduct the Del Monte stables along popular lines,

organizing informal riding parties and specializing in beginning classes. Well stocked with every type of horse, the Del Monte stables will be able to satisfy all kinds of equestrians.

At Meal Time  
You'll Never Have A Long Face

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BOYS AND GIRLS

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Now is the time to advertise. Intelligent planning, economical production, some profit . . . but profit, nevertheless . . . is the program.

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A strong presentation to a selected list of potential buyers will play an important part in turning the tide toward better business. The time has arrived. ATTACK!

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Phone, 100.

**Police Department,**  
Chief, August Englund,  
Phone 131.

**City Clerk,**  
Saidee Van Brower,  
Phone, 110.

**City Treasurer,**  
Barnet J. Segal.

**City Attorney**  
Argyll Campbell  
City Offices.  
Over the Post Office

**Councilmen:**  
Mayor, Finance  
John C. Catlin.  
Fire & Police  
John B. Jordan  
Water & Light  
Herbert Heron.  
Health & Safety  
Robert A. Norton.  
Streets & Parks  
Clara N. Kellogg

**Post Office, Dolores Street.**  
Between Ocean & 7th.  
W. L. Overstreet, P. M.

**Newspapers,**  
Pine Cone.  
San Carlos, near 7th  
Carmelite,  
Dolores, between 7th and 8th

**Theatres:**  
Studio Theatre of Golden Bough  
Monte Verde, near 8th.  
Carmel Theatre  
Ocean and Monte Verde.  
Denny-Watrous Gallery,  
Opposite the Post Office  
Forest Theater,  
Mountain View.

**Churches:**  
All-Saints, S. Monte Verde  
Carmel Mission, Main Highway,  
south of Village.  
Christian Science, N. Monte Verde  
Community Church, Lincoln near  
Ocean Ave.  
Unity Hall.  
Dolores, between 8th and 9th  
Harrison Memorial Library,  
Ocean and Lincoln.  
(Free to the Public.)  
Postal Telegraph  
Ocean Avenue, next to Curtis

**Western Union Telegraph.**  
Dolores opposite Post Office.  
Monterey County Water Works.  
South Side of Ocean, nr. Dolores  
Pacific Gas & Electric Co.  
Dolores, south of Ocean  
Railway Express Agency,  
7th, bet. Dolores and San Carlos  
Pac. Tel. and Tel. Co.,  
7th and Dolores  
Monterey Co., S. P. C. A.  
Poundmaster, Monterey 1608.  
Garbage Man,  
City Hall. Box at foot of stairs.

## Here in Carmel

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

**First Church of Christ, Scientist,**  
Carmel  
Monte Verde Street, one block north  
of Ocean Avenue, between  
Fifth and Sixth  
Sunday School 9:30 a.m.  
Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.  
Wednesday Evening Meeting  
8:00 p.m.

**Reading Room**  
Open Week Days 1:00 to 5:00  
Evenings: Tuesdays and Friday  
7:30 to 9:00  
(Closed holidays)  
Public Cordially Invited

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LINCOLN STREET  
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**MORNING WORSHIP**  
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Monte Verde Street  
South of Ocean Avenue  
The Rev. Austin B. Chinn, Rector  
**SUNDAY SERVICES**  
8:00 a.m. Holy Communion  
9:45 a.m. Sunday School  
11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer  
and Sermon

All Are Cordially Invited

## UNITY HALL

Dolores street between 8th and 9th  
Carmel, California

**Primitive Christianity**  
As Taught by Jesus Christ  
Including Healing

'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye  
to the waters, and he that hath no  
money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea,  
come, buy wine and milk without  
money and without price.'

**MEETINGS**  
Sunday Morning 11 o'clock  
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Tuesday Afternoon 3 o'clock.  
**HEALING MEETING**  
Thursday Evening 8 o'clock  
Individual healing and teaching  
daily. Telephone Carmel-718

Amateur Golf Tourney  
At Del Monte Soon

With the California Amateur golf championship less than a week away, Del Monte is more golfy than ever. This past weekend witnessed large numbers of folk trying their luck over the Del Monte and Pebble Beach links. Dates of the amateur are September 5 to 11, while the Del Monte Women's championship is scheduled from September 7 to 11. The championship will again be decided over Pebble Beach and the historic Del Monte Number One course will be the scene of the annual Women's championship.

Many San Franciscans have been recent Del Monte guests. They include Mr. and Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Alvaro de Aguilu, Dr. and Mrs. Constantine R. Bricca, Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. William Duval Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Coagland, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy H. Bennett, Mrs. Robert W. Martindale, Mrs. Robert A. Roos, the Misses Esther and Eleanor Rossi and Webster Jones, Jr.

Dinner dances in the Bali Room at Hotel Del Monte and at the Del Monte Lodge on Saturday and Sunday again proved favorite diversions with the weekend group.

Among those seen in the Bali Room on Saturday were:

Messrs. and Mesdames: Lester Sterling, Lester Tynan, George Chew, Harrison Godwin, Sidney Shoenberg, C. W. Whitney, Herman Bullock, Charles Fuller, Lt. and Mrs. J. J. LaPage.

Misses: Kathleen Doud, Betty Hughes, Nancy Cocke, Katherine Lial, Fay Murphy, Evelyn McMahon, Elizabeth Sampson, Helen Light and Jean Dresser.

Mr. Percy Whitworth spent a few days in San Francisco this week.

Mrs. Helen Wilson spent a few days in San Francisco this week on business.

## Christian Science Churches

"Man" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, September 4, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The citations which comprise the following from the Bible: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth" (Gen. 1:26).

The Lesson-Sermon also will include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "Immortal man was and is God's image or idea, even the infinite expression of infinite Mind, and immortal man is coexistent and coeternal with that Mind. He has been forever in the eternal Mind, God; but infinite Mind can never be in man, but is reflected by man. The spiritual man's consciousness and individuality are reflections of God" (p. 336).

## THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING FOR SALE

**FOR SALE—Genuine bargain:** the Monte-Verde Apartments; 68 feet on Monte Verde St. and a cottage in the rear; both completely furnished. Percy Parkes, Owner, Parkes Building. Phone 71, Carmel.

Spectacles from  
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YES . . . maybe so. They have been bought there. But if you value your own endeavor, if you respect scientific training and professional honor, if you desire rock-ribbed responsibility, you will secure your spectacles where reputation guards your purchase. Apply the same directness to your

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**FOR SALE:** Steinway Baby Grand Piano. This practically new Steinway will be sold at a sacrifice price. Easy terms if desired. Box A.B., Carmel Pine Cone.

## FOR RENT

**FOR RENT or lease.** Furnished cottage. Three bed rooms, two baths and maid's room and bath. Fireplace, grand piano, gas furnace, quiet location. Moderate price. Owner, telephone 837 Carmel.

**FOR RENT:** One or two well furnished bedrooms. Use of kitchen and garage. Adults only. Telephone 765.

**FOR RENT:** Furnished Spanish house 6 rooms and bath. Gas furnace and automatic water heater. Two garages. Rent reasonable. Box 1717 Carmel.

**FOR RENT:** Exceptionally desirable room in private home 856 Monte Verde St. Separate entrance, steam heat. Excellent location and view. Telephone 323-W.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**PRIVATE owner will sacrifice** Chrysler 70, Special, six cylinder business coupe, 1930 model. In perfect mechanical shape, original paint, six tires all in good condition. Must be sold at once. Will take in Ford on trade. Telephone Carmel 686.

**SEWING,** alterations, relining, and remodeling ladies' gentlemen's and children's clothing. Mrs. Mattie C. May, the Ferguson cottage on San Carlos between 5th and 6th.

## WANTED

**WANTED:** Position as companion and secretary by young woman. Character references. Box 9, Carmel Pine Cone.

**WANTED:** Second-hand portable typewriter. Cash. Apply Box 898, Carmel or telephone 233-R.

**AMERICAN girl,** refined, pleasant disposition, with teaching experience wishes position, preferably care of children or light housework, for moderate wages. Telephone 390 or inquire at Curtis Candy store.

**WANTED:** San Jose Property. Have several excellent pieces of Carmel property, improved and unimproved that can be traded for San Jose properties. Call Carmel 77 or write Box 1514 Carmel.

**WANTED:** Responsible parties, adults, will give ten dollars a month and good care for a home for winter. Box G. Carmel Pine Cone.

## LOST AND FOUND

**LOST:** Brown Caracul scarf. Outside Denny Watrous Gallery. Reward. Apply Carmel Pine Cone.

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"For those who Care"

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## The Fog Martyr: A Legend Of the Tepees of Carmel

By Winsor Josselyn

Once upon a time Carmel was inhabited by a tribe of Indians. They lived their simple lives in tepees among the trees and along the shore, even as you and I, and they had their troubles with poison oak and the younger generation and the fog, even as you and I, too.

It is about the fog that our legend deals. As to the younger generation and the poison oak, nothing could be done about them, and you took 'em or didn't take 'em and that was that. But fog was different. Nobody had any choice.

In the midst of one very foggy summer something tragic happened that was to change the outlook of the whole village, although nobody knew it at the time. Indeed, people would have sworn up and down that it would have no effect whatever, and certainly not the effect it finally did have. Tragedy does that; it gets its effects by indirection, just like a capable king in the old days.

Well, this particular summer, as we said, was particularly foggy, and it so happened that it also was a particularly bad year so far as business went. They were digging sub-cellars to accommodate the new lows that everything was reaching. Maybe this was why the temper of the Carmelites was such that mob violence swayed them as it did and brought about this violent and tragic event we have mentioned.

Fog, fog, fog—day after day after day. It got on their nerves. "As if it wasn't bad enough to have the depression," growled Chief Live Oak. "Another day of this gloom and I'll go nutty."

"Yeah," agreed Brave White Sand, "and it's going to make next year tough. People won't come back. One foggy year ruins the next."

A squaw nodded. Squaws didn't rate very high in community conversation, but this woman had the low-down on a lot of people and it was best to let her speak. "You know my five tepees that I rent? Well, only one of them has rented this whole summer, and that was just for a week-end, and you should have seen the shape it was left in. I wouldn't have been so mad if they'd asked me to the whoopee—"

Chief Live Oak gestured her to silence. He once had to rent one of her tepees when his burned down, and he knew her rates in summer, even to Carmelites. "The grocers tell me trade is off ninety-seven percent, and the banks report that all the wampum is in the safe deposit boxes, if anywhere," he said.

Sachem Tall Pine cited a couple more instances along this line, and added, "The garages have got a lot of bum accounts from summer people that skipped out—what few there were to skip. And the restaurants! Say, one of 'em had seven customers in four days."

On and on went the chorus of lament. And then suddenly it stopped. A new figure had added itself to the group, and stood there silently listening, a man of lonely face; even as he stood with them, he seemed no part of the crowd. He was Old Lone Cypress, and never agreed with anybody. The talkers plainly resented his presence.

Finally Chief Live Oak fixed him with a penetrating gaze, frowned and said, "I suppose you'll disagree with us, as usual. I suppose you like the fog. I suppose you're glad it's here."

Old Lone Cypress looked back at Chief Live Oak, and then at the others, and then back to the Chief. "Even if I didn't like the fog, and even if I wasn't glad it was here, what could I do about it? You people give me a pain, grumbling about something you can't change. Go back to your stores and tepees for rent and restaurants and work twice as hard and forget the fog!"

Silence in the group. Then mutters. Old Lone Cypress had gone and done the wrong thing again. He had practically ruined the whole conversation. Yes, and of all things, conversation about the miserable, useless, hateful, low-life fog just as they had got a good hate under way. Go to work indeed! This was the last straw with Old Lone Cypress. They had tolerated him and his sourness all too long. It was time he was taught a lesson.

"Take back those words!" cried Chief Live Oak. "You can't insult us that way."

But he wouldn't take them back. Not only wouldn't take them back, but added more to them, and this got the crowd yapping at him like a lot of dogs at a snake. Mob spirit arose. It got to fever pitch. Down with the nuisance Old Lone Cypress! Kill him!

And that's just what they did. They killed him in the ancient tribal manner, despite the faint protests of a couple of the older Carmelites. They took him down to the beach at low tide and pried a big abalone loose and then clamped it down on Old Lone Cypress' fingers and when the tide came in he was drowned.

Yes sir, they did a good job of it. Carmel Indians weren't going to have that old kill-joy around any more.

But they reckoned without the power of the spoken word being greater after the speaker is gone, and of truth rising after being crushed. Gradually it was being whispered around town that maybe if they got to work instead of standing around idle and cussing the fog, they would get along better. And, after all, what could they do about the fog even if they tried?

And so it was that in time Old Lone Cypress' words changed the town's whole outlook about the fog and Carmelites came not to mind it in the least. Maybe that was the reason times got better, or maybe it was just the cycle of business ups and downs, but the depression passed and everybody was happy and Old Lone Cypress at last had a monument erected to his memory.

That, boys and girls, is the Legend of the Fog Martyr, and that is why no modern Carmel Indian ever, ever complains about the fog.

Noble Old Lone Cypress!

Delegate Named

Mrs. E. L. Taylor has been named a delegate of the Carmel chapter of the American Red Cross to attend a conference to be held on September 13th in San Francisco.

THE RED & WHITE STORES



We Have Just the Foods  
You'll Enjoy for Your Outing  
LABOR DAY

### SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

HAMS	Homel Flavor Sealed	1/4 Size averages 2 lbs. 6 oz.	1/4 Size Per lb.	46c	1/2 Size Per lb.	45c
		1/2 Size averages 4 lbs.				
CRISCO	The Digestible Shortening	3 lb. tin	43c	PEACHES	Del Monte No. Slices or Halves	2 1/2 tin 10c

HACIENDA  
FINE FOOD PRODUCTS

Selected for your Outing

Peanut Butter lb. glass	15c
A nourishing sandwich filler	
Ripe Olives Tall tin	23c
Giant size—Delightful flavor	
Salad Mustard 8 oz jar	13c
Makes meats and salad more tempting	
Fancy Tuna No 1/2 tin	18c
For tempting salads and sandwiches	
Potato Chips 2 bags	25c
No Outing complete without them	
Chicken & Noodles	31c
A quickly prepared nourishing meal	
Crab Meat No. 1/2 tin	31c
Fancy, large leg meat for dainty salads or sandwiches	

HACIENDA

Mayonnaise	Pt. 25c
FREE—A crystal berry or cereal dish with each jar	Qt. 48c

HACIENDA

COFFEE	Per lb. 32c
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The distinguished coffee

HACIENDA Pint Bottle

GRAPE JUICE	21c
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A refreshing breakfast fruit juice

HACIENDA Tall Tins

Fruit for Salad	17c
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California and Hawaii's finest fruit

RED & WHITE FOODS

Your assurance of Quality

Ground Chocolate lb.	29c
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A digestible beverage

Cake Flour Lge. pkg.	25c
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Approved for Lighter and fluffier cakes

Deviled Meat 5 tins	19c
---------------------	-----

Makes enjoyable sandwiches

MILK Tall tins 6 for	25c
----------------------	-----

Has the fresh milk flavor

CATSUP 14 oz.	17c
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Makes good food more appetizing

Pancake Flour 40 oz.	21c
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Satisfies outdoor appetites

COFFEE Per lb.	32c
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The dependable blend

HACIENDA Natural

Asparagus No. 2 tin	23c
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Large, tender spears

HACIENDA Tall Tin

Tomato Juice 2 for	17c
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An invigorating beverage

HACIENDA Medium

String Beans No. 2 tin	21c
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Packed like asparagus

HACIENDA No. 2 tin

GRAPEFRUIT	16c
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Fancy, whole segments of Florida fruit

FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

The Freshest of the Best

Look for the RED & WHITE Store Sign over the  
door of your Independent Home Owned Grocer

EWIG'S GROCERY  
Ocean Avenue  
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DOLORES CASH GROCERY  
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